

BIG BROTHER[®] SKATE

BOARDING
MAGAZINE

INSIDE:
NEW ZEALAND
VANS SKATE PARK
CHET CHILDRESS
UNDERWORLD
JAPAN



MARCH 1999 • \$3.99 U.S. • \$4.99 CAN.



ETHAN FOWLER

March 1999



special features:

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Cover: Ethan Fowler is seen on our cover doing a b/s tailslide on a ledge in Auckland, New Zealand, in his finest gothic, summer attire. I think—no—I know we chose this photo for the cover simply because of Ethan's socks. Photo: Dimlity Elyshkevich

Contents: Another giant question mark in the fashion department is "stoned cold" Steve Olson, seen here kick-flipping and dancing with gravity. Photos: Rick Kosick

HOUSE



SKATEBOARDER

RAILING

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and, and... 17 years old: switch-heel flip over the rail, and just placed 2nd in the world and is a new member of the Emerica team, the center is light-weight, responsive and durable. It is a new shoe in the Emerica line. Emerica makes shoes that are good for skateboarding.

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ENRIQUE LORENZO SWITCH BS 5-0

axion (ăk'shən) *n.*

1. The process of acting or doing.
2. Makers of sport specific footwear.
see logo.¹



bo



THE EXCEL



e about it

New Air Pro!!!

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Photo: Max

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SOP
SKATEBOARD
OUTLET

Adam is seen here doing a b/s kickflip nosedrive slide in Capri Beach, Ca. where he currently resides. He has two new graphics out now on our new Center Point Concave...also check out all the latest stuff from the Air Pro. Click at...

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- METAL MESH VENTS



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Big Brother

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Letters

by Chris Pontius

Okay, an you waste your hard [redacted] on a letter to Transworld, where you will surely be raked the [redacted] by [redacted] staff, an you spend it on Bio [redacted] get a silly story out [redacted] Chris. Your choice. Write to: Bio [redacted] Letters, [redacted] Wilshire Blvd., [redacted] #310, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or email [redacted] at bigbrothers@fp.com.

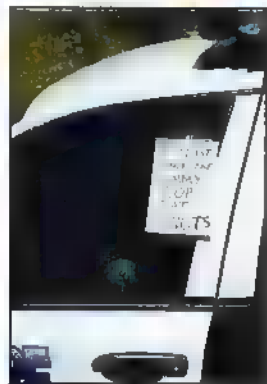
Nature Grants Taxpayers a Favor

I just had to move from Encinitas to butt fuck Oceanside. In my neighborhood there is a large hill that is fun to speed down. Well the cops thought they would outsmart the speeders by putting a dummy cop at the bottom of the hill. Stupid cops. They do it every day [redacted] we haven't figured out [redacted] a dummy. Well I got sick of it and thought I would give them some advice to at least fool [redacted] of

us into slowing down. As I walked up to the [redacted] I thought to myself 'At least they make [redacted] dummy move a little bit.' I walked up planted my note and when I looked down there [redacted] The real cop was fucking [redacted] dummy cop! Cops have small dicks. No wonder that thing is parked there every day.

Erik T.
Oceanside, CA

At least the cop was poorly endowed. A larger, civilian penis may have popped the dummy or torn it to shreds. You can bet that it would cost [redacted] lot of money to replace it and guess who would have to pay for it?—us, the taxpayers!—Chris



Mr. Drummond Joins the Pontius Family

Que onda hermanos como estan, ala banda de mex le gusta cabron su revista por favor necesitamos que vengan a patinar dos tres cabrones tenemos un parque super para street [redacted] fallan estamos en contacto. saludos a todos.

Abraham Rangel
skBart@hotmail.com

I noticed that your name is Abraham. That's the [redacted] name as Arnold's black goldfish from the TV show, Different Strokes! I'll be that you're black as well. If you really are black, please get in touch with me. My sister has always dreamed of having a mulatto baby, and the recipe definitely calls for the services of a nice black man.—Chris

Elderly Man [redacted] Humorless Children

Please help! I need some advice. I am [redacted] older skater. The other day I went to a straight edge "punk" show with a bunch of younger skateboarders. Well of course I got real drunk and danced [redacted] on the stage. Now they don't [redacted] me. What do I do?

Dan Thomas
Atlanta, GA

I suggest you go [redacted] hell. I think I met you once before I became famous, and you were [redacted] total asshole to me. That was back when Adam Luxford lived in Atlanta. He was an asshole too. I think he thought that I wanted to get [redacted] his girlfriend, and now, looking back on it, I wish I had! Lord knows I could have. I was looking really handsome that night—my hair [redacted] perfect and the cigarettes made my voice sound coarse and sexy. He [redacted] older than me and war-torn, and if you ever had sex with him you would probably feel like you were screwing a corpse. I wondered if his girlfriend [redacted] ever doing it with him, while he was acting like a corpse, and she thought to herself, He feels dead but strangely, I think I like it. Dan, it's your fault that you embarrassed those young straightedge kids, and it's also your fault that you made Pam (Adam Luxford's girlfriend) [redacted] a necrophiliac.—Chris

Grandpa [redacted] Shaving

My gym teacher is a real cock. He is [redacted] of those stereotypical steroid pumping military rejected cocks. He makes us weight train. I think he has a [redacted] cock and so he weight trains to [redacted] that. Right now I'm supposed to be taking notes about my deltoids, some muscles on my back. Now he's bitching out at us and telling us how we're sloppy eaters. "When you go to university your gonna gain at least 30 lbs. if you go live in residence all you eat is pizza pizza pizza! You stupid kid! Why do you do this to yourself." Anyways, [redacted] Mr. Muscles [redacted] telling us how his [redacted] Italian mother would beat him with a broom if he was a lucky boy. He's trying to relate to [redacted] too. He always does that. Whenever [redacted] weight lift or play basketball he tries to be our friends. He [redacted] constantly lecturing the guys in our gym class. There are 15 guys, five are jocks, who enjoy gym and think Mr. Gym Teacher is cool. All the girls love him too. But my friend and I hate him. We [redacted] the only skaters in this class. He always asks "How many of you are skateboarders?" We raise our hands and he goes into some lecture like "You know those big shots who work all their lives to get into the X-Games? I bet you those guys weight train every day and eat nothing but healthy food. Don't you want [redacted] be in the X-Games someday?" "No," [redacted] say in unison with [redacted] pissed off tone in our voice. I think that makes him mad because he shouts [redacted] us and makes us run suicides. Suicides are when you run back in forth [redacted] the gym touching certain lines along the way. They suck cock. "You'll thank [redacted] when you're on the X-Games" he says. "Sigh" he just doesn't get it.

Colin Bradley
Calgary, Alberta

Hey, take it easy. I'm sure Coach [redacted] really just a misunderstood guy. Have you ever bothered to spend some time alone with him? A man's heart is a vast ocean of secrets. After school [redacted] day, follow Coach home. Spy into the window as he prepares a snack for his aging grandfather. If grandpa doesn't feel like cleaning his plate and needs to be punished, you'll be in for an extra treat. How often do you get to [redacted] 76-year-old man being taken over the knee of his own grandson and spanked? "Get him! Get him!" you might whisper to yourself. Coach will be red in the face and full of passion. After the spanking, he'll point his finger [redacted] grandpa and say, "I'm a strict but fair man, and if you want [redacted] look good at your funeral you're going to have to eat right. The next time you don't feel like finishing your snack, you're going to get [redacted] shaving [redacted] well!" Then Coach will leave the room for a moment only to return with a giant boa constrictor. As he tosses it onto grandpa's withered body, try not to give yourself away as the old man screams in terror. Just before grandpa has a heart attack, Coach will dive onto the snake, pry his mouth open and tear him down the center. Then Coach will shower himself in the snake's blood, and simultaneously squeeze grandpa and he will begin chanting, "We're number one! We're number one!"—Chris

Young Journalist [redacted] Heredity

Out of all the costumes I have [redacted] my 22 years on this planet, my brother made the hugest costume [redacted] this year. All [redacted] took was some chicken



wire, paper maché and a gallon of peach paint to make this son of a bitch. It towered at about [redacted] feet and [redacted] definitely the biggest bitch magnet I have ever seen. Next year I think I'm rollin' as a set of nuts

Matt Didart
San Diego, CA

I think the description of your brother's costume is a little bit exaggerated. I would even say that you are stretching the truth. I too have stretched something in my day. As a boy, I once went out to the [redacted] with my entire family. Just before showtime, my dad and I had to go pee. As I peed, I looked over to the next urinal where my father was. I wanted a glimpse of how big his penis [redacted] what I had to look forward [redacted] when I grew up. To tell you the truth, I was a [redacted] disappointed with what I saw. From that night on, I pulled and stretched it every day. I even tied Chinese cooking utensils and butcher knives to the end of it (I wouldn't want to be a woman on [redacted] receiving end of that tailywhacker!). By the age of 16, I had mastered many a trick with it. I sometimes wonder if I messed my weiner up from doing all that stuff. A female friend once told [redacted] that it bent kind of weird, but I didn't believe her 'cause she was a Mexican.—Chris

Aaron
Harrison

Dyers Lane
Video



May '99



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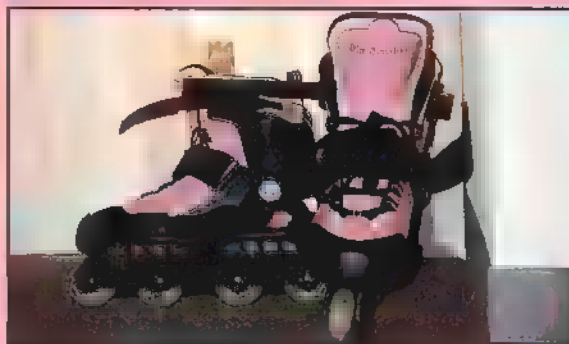
Letters

Oregon ■ Spoils ■ Lovely Evening

This is a true story. I was skating ■ front of ■ school when two girls drove by and threw a water balloon ■ me. I ■ standing talking to this dude and the balloon sailed in between ■. I noticed that the car ■ turning around ■ the bottom of the hill. I grabbed the nearest object: ■ orange cylindrical construction pylon. I didn't want to harm them so I purposely chucked the object over the top ■ their car. They ducked. A number of minutes later, still at the same spot, they drove by again, wearing masks. The passenger yelled something, called me an asshole and ■ out the window a pair of panties stained with red and brown and reeking of ketchup. Is ■ something wrong with humans nowadays or am I insane? I think the ■ yes but the question is why?

D. Ness
Eugene, OR

I hope that those girls' antics made you feel sexy, because reading about it didn't do ■ thing for me. Actually, I wish that I had never read it, because I had a date planned with ■ lady friend the evening I did. As usual, it started out with me on top. Soon it was her turn to be on top, but then something terrible happened: I lost my erection! She thought there ■ something wrong with her. I thought there ■ something wrong with me. She assured ■, "It can't be you, you're the second best I ever had." Then I realized it, that you're the one there is something wrong with! Your Goddamned letter ruined my entire evening. When I agreed to take this job, I never expected ■ interfere with my love life.—Chris

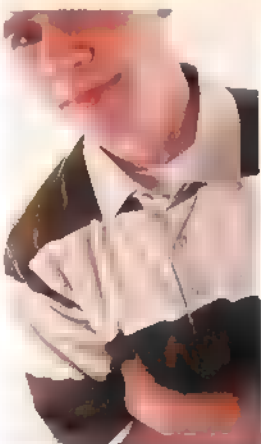


Letter of the Month!

Congratulations, Dave Camie. You have been inducted into the rollerbooty hall of fame. We would like to ■ you for your narrow-minded ■ ath- ■ who participate in other sports. Not taking into consideration that most athletes who skate ■ in-line skates, also snowboard, BMX, wakeboard, shoot small animals with shotguns, ■ here is the big one, even skateboard. What amazes ■ is the title of the magazine, "Big Brother" because I have a big brother, and when I ■ a little kid, ■ would ■ my ass, win ■ the BMX races, out run me, and just fuck my world up. Now, I can kick my "Big Brothers" ■. So when you guys get a ■ older, and your ■ out from busting your ■ your skateboard, some "little brother is going to fuck you up, and shit on your program. We hope you enjoy your ■ frootboots, and we hope you realize that these are just as gay as you riding ■ piece of wood with wheels ■ it, but hey! What ever you like is o.k. We look forward to the comedy of your next issue, and ■ hope you can appreciate ours.

Sincerely,
Fun loving frootbooters

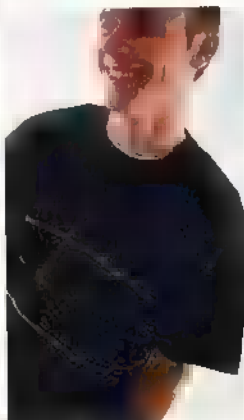
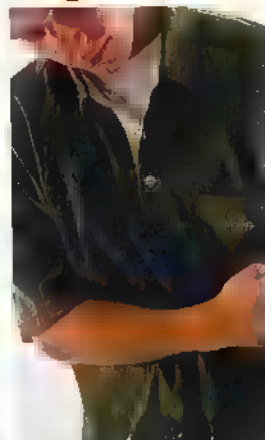
No one signed it, but from the FedEx label I traced it back to Matt Lacrosse at the K2 plant in Washington. But they didn't ■ bother to call and get my correct shoe ■ first, ■ he sent me ■ pair of nines. I called ■ lousy bastard up and had ■ conversation with him, but said I was going to redouble my efforts in riding the world of rollerbladers just because of his "comedy." I also asked for a pair of ■ 12s.—Dave Camie



THE INFORMATION BY
COURTESY OF THE
"DISTANCE" IT REALLY

CHANY JEANGUENIN FAKIE OLLIE B'S LIPSLIDE

dream



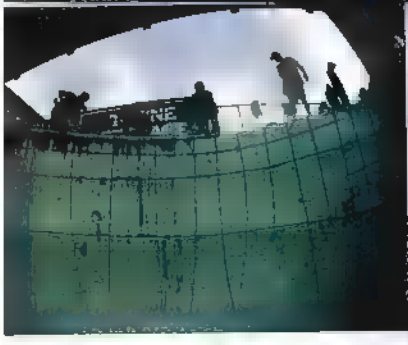
Bornside

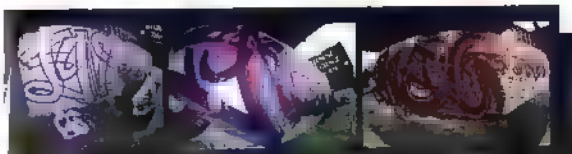


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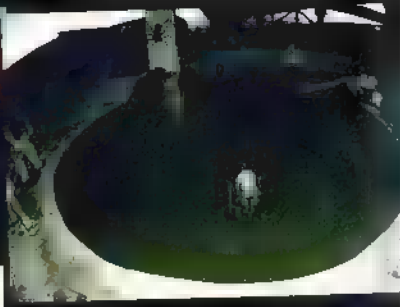
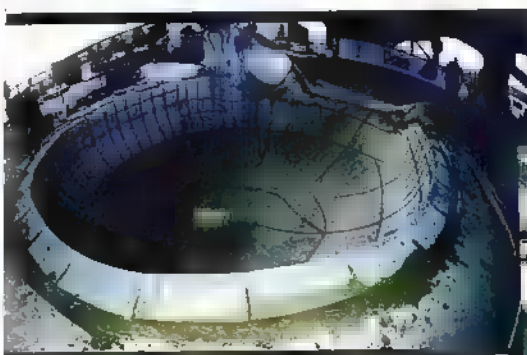


a face lift?





the Burnside birthday project.



happy birthday-burnside
team jnco 1998



4



MIKE CARROLL / SF





Full Length Video for people in control of 1989



pontus av

daniel haney

steve hernandez

olson

jason hog

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

■ Parker is back! We'd tell you what page to ■ his latest ■ on, but we don't number our pages! Ha-ha!



TM



Q: What type of ass is sugary sweet and gets lots of action all year round? A: The tail of Scott Johnston's new Chocolate board. Déjà vu slide, Phoenix, Arizona.

willy-nilly

Scott Johnston is the latest additive on the Chocolate team. Dan Connelly found himself on the unsponsored hit █ after Arcade replaced him with a Swede, Pontus Alv. Sean "The Unknown Aashole" Young tendered his resignation from the professional █ Anti-Hero, so Tony Trujillo was called up from the minor leagues █ fill his slot. █ City notched █ town of Brea in its belt by enlisting Danny Garcia onto its am team. Following nearly two years of tooling around without █ primary board sponsor, Adam McNatt hitched up with ATM. Boston's favorite bean, Charlie Wilkins, is bounding around █ streets on Maple. Ronnie Bertino is working by day and skating by night on █ And while everyone █ is panicking about the onslaught of "Y2K," █ and Chary Jeanguenin █ gonna be greeting it in style with █ nifty wardrobe courtesy of their new █ sponsorships.

okey-dokey

There █ a flood of entries for our "Word Problems" █ that appeared █ the January █ of Big Brother (not surprisingly, most were wrong). Actually, there were four correct entries received on the same day, █ randomly chose one. Congratulations go █ Thano Ellis in Chicago, Illinois, who answered all █ problems correctly and wins a brand-new set of Spitfire wheels. Better than those fucking happy █ your teacher draws on your tests, eh? Here █ the █

1. Gator takes 2,628 steps █ day.
2. Andy needs eight packages.
3. No, the Muska is 15¢ short.
4. Rob Dyrdek would have to wait █ years.
5. Bob Burnquist skates regular, so, yes, █ could still █ switch mute airs.
6. One hundred six filthy locals could █ in the Bumalade pool.

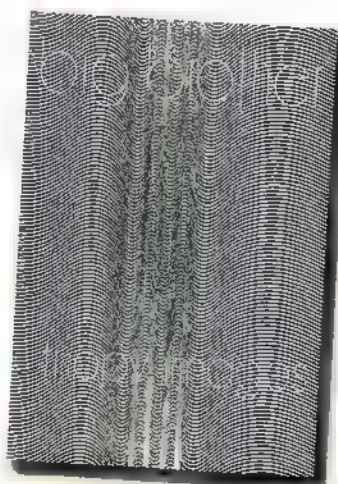
corrections

In the January issue of Big Brother, Jimmy "Assholefart" █ was described as performing █ heel-rip, when █ actually a nollie hardflip. Then, in █ February issue, it was stated that Climax Distribution shitcanned Invisible and Sixteen Skateboards, but it █ only Invisible that got kicked into oblivion, not Sixteen. (Just out of curiosity, since █ is based █ the concept of sponsoring younger skateboarders, is it operated █ the City of Domes in Logan's Run where at █ certain age they make you participate in █ mock religious ceremony only to kill you in a tidy fashion?) We had also received word that Bill █ picked up ATM as his board sponsor, but this turned out █ not be the case. We apologize for being such fucking idiots █ the parties involved in █ grievous misprints.

Red Herrings

by Dave Carnie

Once again, I present you with my red herrings—ridiculous covers submitted to the executive "cover committee" for █ reason other than that they need to consider more than one cover design each month. They have yet to choose one of mine...





The Big Brother Video Awards

Never has such an... since so... a skater's... and a... their video—not... contest... demos, or interviews... video... she... of... ultimate... of... and... skills... gone... in... is... created a... award, the achieve... ments of... on video in... those who have... all... comrades... we're modeling... the... will surely... chooses... to have... ill pair up, tell jokes, and award... can hap... we need winners. T... in, fill... you can, because we're... the... As you... we... vid... not vote... before or after... lected nominations, you are... invited to scribble in your own selection as well. Choose carefully, because the first annual Big Brother Video Awards will go down in skateboard history. —Dale Carnie

Please send your ballots to:
The BIG BROTHER Video Awards
c/o BIG BROTHER Magazine
8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 310
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

Overall Video

- ☐ *Fulfill the Dream*, produced by Shorty's
- ☐ *Jump Off a Building*, produced by Toy Machine
- ☐ *Anti-Hero*, produced by Anti-Hero
- ☐ *The End*, produced by Birdhouse
- ☐ _____

Best Magazine-Produced Video

- ☐ *Sixth Sense* produced by Transworld
- ☐ *Number Two* produced by BIG BROTHER
- ☐ *Transmission* produced by Transworld
- ☐ *411* produced by 411
- ☐ _____

Independent Feature

- ☐ *Listen*, produced by Tim Dowling
- ☐ *Justice*, produced by Preston Maigetter
- ☐ *Genie of the Lamp*, produced by Danny Minnick
- ☐ *Troubleshooters*, produced by Steve Celentani
- ☐ _____

Performance — Vert

- ☐ Tony Hawk in *The End*, produced by Birdhouse
- ☐ Bob Burnquist in *Anti-Hero*, produced by Anti-Hero
- ☐ Bucky Lasek in *The End*, produced by Birdhouse
- ☐ Mike Frazier in *Third Eye View*, produced by Element
- ☐ _____

Trick on Vert

- ☐ Tony Hawk's 720 varial in *The End*
- ☐ Bucky Lasek's 720 indy to fakie in *The End*
- ☐ Rob "Sluggo" Boyce's backflip in 411 #26
- ☐ Bob Burnquist's one-foot b/s smith grind to revert in 411 #31
- ☐ _____

Performance on Street

- ☐ Peter Smolik in *Fulfill the Dream*, produced by Shorty's
- ☐ Kris Markovich in *Third Eye View*, produced by Element
- ☐ John Cardiel in *Anti-Hero*, produced by Anti-Hero
- ☐ Andrew Reynolds in *The End*, produced by Birdhouse
- ☐ _____

Best Trick — Street

- ☐ Heath Kirchart's b/s noseblunt slide on ■ eight-stair rail in *The End*
- ☐ Andrew Reynolds's f/s bluntslide to kick-flip out on a rail in *The End*
- ☐ Steve Berra's kick-flip to 50-50 on a rail in *The End*
- ☐ Jeremy Wray's f/s 360 over the Santa Monica triple set in 411 #31
- ☐ _____

Rookie Performance

- ☐ Tony Trujillo in *Anti-Hero*, produced by Anti-Hero
- ☐ Robble McKinley in *Listen*, produced by Tim Dowling
- ☐ Kerry Getz in *Jump Off a Building*, produced by Toy Machine
- ☐ Rob Welsh in *Five Flavors*, produced by Mad Circle
- ☐ _____

Best Filmer

- ☐ Jamie Thomas, *Jump off a Building*, produced by Toy Machine
- ☐ Dan Wolfe, *Third Eye View*, produced by Element
- ☐ Jamie Mosberg, *The End*, produced by Birdhouse
- ☐ Ty Evans, *Sixth Sense/Transmission*, produced by Transworld
- ☐ _____

The following videos are eligible:

Anti-Hero, produced by Anti-Hero
Canvas, produced by Globe
Dedication, produced by Think
Five Flavors, produced by Mad Circle
Fulfill the Dream, produced by Shorty's
Genie of the Lamp, produced by Danny Minnick
Jump Off a Building, produced by Toy Machine
Justice, produced by Preston Maigetter
Listen, produced by Tim Dowling
Magic, produced by Powell Skateboards
Mix Tape, produced by Zoo York
Number Two, produced by BIG BROTHER
One Small Step, produced by TBKD
Pednek, produced by PM
Sixth Sense, produced by Transworld
Strip Mall Heroes, produced by Powell Skateboards
The End, produced by Birdhouse
The XYZ Video, produced by XYZ
Third Eye View, produced by Element
Timelapse, produced by Daryl Grogan
Tee Loud for the Crowd, produced by 191
Transmission, produced by Transworld
Troubleshooters, produced by Steve Celentani
Wonder Years, produced by Duff
411 Volumes #26 to #31, produced by 411

Editing

- ☐ *The End*, produced by Birdhouse
- ☐ *Third Eye View*, produced by Element
- ☐ *Transmission*, produced by Transworld
- ☐ *Number Two*, produced by BIG BROTHER
- ☐ _____

Best —

- ☐ Socrates Leal in *Number Two*, produced by BIG BROTHER
- ☐ Ali Boulala in 411 #30, produced by 411
- ☐ Daniel Haney in *Listen*, produced by Tim Dowling
- ☐ Mark Gonzales in *Anti-Hero*, produced by Anti-Hero
- ☐ _____

Best Dressed

Best Scene Involving a Bum

Best Puke

Best Confrontation With a Security Guard

Shiftbag

Best Pass-Out/Frank Scene

Best Skit

Best Soundtrack

Best Special Effects

Best After-the-Video-Is-Over-But-Not-Over-Yet Part

The Achievement Award



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TRANSFER
AT BURNSIDE

rider: **CAZ**

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ALL DAY-NOBODY LIKES A QUIETER
AVAILABLE ON KNOW RECORDS
Boxer: Paul McFadden Photography
ed design: Bill Wadsworth

New **Infamous** amateur **Geo Moya** introduces his skills with this backside 180 kickflip; an example of his commitment to constant progression. Geo represents Flushing, Queens, and the art of urban skateboarding excellence.



INFMS
SKATEBOARDING

VANS

NEWS 2



(left to right)
 Mike
 Kevin
 Kevin
 Kevin
 Kevin
 Kevin
 Kevin
 Kevin
 Kevin
 Kevin

You can make all kinds of
 mistakes, but once you try to make
 a mistake, you're a mistake.

REALAND



TOUR

Dimitry and I walked out of the skate park and into the rain to get a couple more beers out of the RV.

"This would not be happening on any other tour," he said. We had only landed a couple hours before, and ■ were already skating.

This was a different group of skaters. This wasn't their job, this wasn't for demos, and it wasn't to promote Vans. We went to New Zealand to skate. We flew 14 hours from L.A. to Auckland, hired two RVs, got ■ couple cases of beer and went to an indoor skate park, and drank and skated for three hours without eating or even resting. Commonly referred to ■ a "hell tour," our daily agenda consisted of nothing more than beer and skating for ten days. I don't know why it's called "hell" though. Seemed more like heaven to me.



Sausage-boy John Cardiel on the beach. Winkalines.

The tour wasn't without its hardships and obstacles, though, the first of which was learning how to drive the Goddamn RVs. There were only four of us that could drive a stick—me, Scott Sisamis (the Vans team manager), Alan Peterson and John Cardiel. Alan didn't like it one bit, and John wasn't an option because he drives like he skates—with both arms in the air—thus leaving Scott and me as the only possible drivers. I would like to think that I end up driving on tours because I'm a born leader and have a strong sense of direction, but I think it's because I'm an idiot.

A Maui, the RVs were called, is the most abominable pain in the ass to navigate. Compound its hulking size, gutless engine and crappy clutch with a country that chooses to drive on the other side of the road, and you've got a renaissance of disaster (see sidebar for translations). It's difficult to describe the sensation of learning an entirely new driving language, but it's akin to horror.

Eventually I came to love my Maui, and Scott his. As in any dual-vehicle tour, one is going to become known as the "good RV" and the other as the "bad RV." One is for resting, the other is for partying. I piloted the bad RV. My crew—John, Julian Stranger, Archimedes, Ethan Fowler and Karma Tsocheff—relished their evil roles and transformed the vehicle into a pirate's galley. When Scott and I later compared notes on what went down in Maui, I had to tell him

that my crew was constantly drunk and entertained themselves by setting up objects, like bowls of salsa, on the table, and enjoyed watching them slip off the floor when I rounded turns or braked. I heard nothing but giggles, followed by a cacophony of pirate noises, "Aargh," "Shiver-me-timbers," etc., the whole time I drove. Scott's group—far from "good," just less bad—consisted of Aaron Harrison, Chel Childress, Alan, Dmitry and Jason Adams, who entertained themselves by drinking, smoking and talking about sex. Actually, they were very funny.

The night we stayed in a backpacker's motel in the bad part of Auckland. Besides our hotel, the only thing on the street were bars, strip clubs and massage parlors. Just a little style. The beers were fine, but I think someone must have dropped an ugly bomb on the island because the girls down there were horrible. Just garbage. Great, big, portly women who awkwardly lumbered about the streets, bars and strip clubs were frequented. (Then again, I live in Hollywood, and my standard of beauty is warped by the celebrity engine.) The only person who found any worth in the homely lasses we encountered was Aaron, whose insatiable passion for the opposite sex would not be deterred by mere appearance. The part that Aaron was completely unashamed of his conquests. The guy's a champ. Put your hands together everybody.

The day we skated four parks, two of which were my favorites of the trip. The first was called Lynnfield. It had a downhill snake-run that emptied into a medium-sized bowl and a nice rectangular bowl. The session was awesome. It's difficult to describe—in pictures as well as words—how rad the group of skaters that were on this tour are, because you don't usually see them in the magazines or videos. Not only do they tend to shun the spotlight, but the way they skate is difficult to capture on film. If you've been fortunate enough to skate with any of them, you know they're some of the best people to skate with. They skate fast, big and with a confidence and board control you don't often see. They skate street and they skate vert, it makes no difference. Bunch of fucking men. They're cute, too.





The Maoris are a very aggressive race. Like pit-bulls, they're bred for violence. They can dress as ridiculously as they want because their punk-like behavior

You know how I know Matt is a champ? Because I found a picture of myself, one of my rolls of film, passed out on his couch. It was taken with my camera, and the only person who could have taken it was "un-passed-out" Matt. I can't remember the last time I was that vulnerable. Thanks for not drawing on or taping goldfish over my eyes, Matt. You see, when we came back from the strip club, we played this game in his kitchen called "hot knives." It put me in quite a state. Such a state, in fact, that I completely forgot where I was. I'll never forget that horrifying feeling. I knew I wasn't home—I just knew I was somewhere else (Matt had stepped out or something). But New Zealand never crossed my mind. It was the weirdest thing. I mean, I've been lost before, but I wasn't just lost, I really didn't even know who I was. It was incredible. I remember I was standing between two doors and this evil silence descended upon me. Time had been suspended, and space was compressed into this tiny vestibule I was in. I was gripped by this fear that

I couldn't stay where I was. I had to choose one of the doors. So I opened the door on the left (which was nothing more than the kitchen door to the outside) and beheld the darkest and most sinister forest I had ever seen. I slammed the door shut and turned to the evil portal on my right. As I walked through it, I found myself in a hallway that led to a chamber of horrors no human had ever laid eyes upon. What abominations were at that end of the hall I cared not to find; and I beat a hasty retreat back to my original position (in the middle of the kitchen) and stood there, frozen, terrified and expecting to be engulfed by the blackness, and never to know who, what or where I was. I pleaded with the Devil to just take me then and there.

Then the kitchen door opened. It was Matt.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said.

Before all that, though, we had a nice soiree at Matt's house. We were drunk when we got there, but it wasn't long after we arrived that we became super-drunk and started doing stupid things. First, Alan,

Julian and I formed a Hitler youth rally. I was Hitler. Alan and Julian were my perfect little blonde, blue-eyed Aryan youths. There were no Jews around so we played Nazi billiards. Then, when the girls showed up, we elected to watch *Babe*, the movie about the pig, rather than cavort with actual babes. The only one who paid them any mind was Arco, who somehow ensnared this cute little girl with her hair by yelling KISS lyrics at her. By the time *Babe* was over, I was a drunk and I don't remember anything except going to a strip club where they wouldn't let us in without collared shirts. So Matt hightailed it back to his place, got some shirts and we were allowed into the club, Matt's mustache and all. Imagine Hitler at a strip club.

Not surprisingly, I was reduced to a slab of shit the next day and was forced to hibernate in a hippy bunk. It pains me to mention this day, but I must, because, for the first time, John had control of the wheel and a new sport was born: Maui Racing.

New Zealand roads are very dangerous. Drunk driving is common, and accidents are frequent on the two land roads that connect the cities. So much





Mmm, soupy. Chet can do state-of-the-art, and can't hold a spoon right.



Mmm, pivot take by Alan on the kinked hip in Morrinsville.



...the blind shittings, see how they drink.

so that a disturbing number of crosses line the highways everywhere. It's a national issue. So, when it comes to Xtreme sports, it's ■ say that it doesn't get more Xtreme than Maui Racing. Basically, whoever got to the next destination first won. But the real victory ■ staying alive. It's just like Cardiel ■ try and pass Scott in ■ sluggish leviathan with no guts up a hill in the face of oncoming traffic. Scott and his pit crew were always up for the challenge, though, and the fierce competition had captivated all of ■ and ■ for two days and must have scared the shit out of a few local motorists.

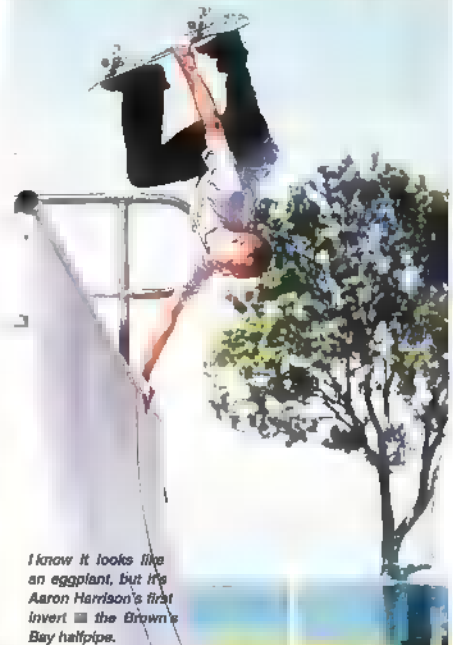
"It's very dangerous." Scott ■ about the Maui races. "We may ■ a snail's pace, but someone's gonna get killed."

We skated two more red ■ parks and caught ■ sheep [see sidebar] before ■ returned ■ our backpacker lodge in the slums of Auckland. We avoided the strip clubs and went to a genuine gothic bar with actual young people that night. They played Duran Duran over and over again much ■ the delight of the group on the dance floor, who weren't so much dancing as they ■ shuffling about like seventh-graders. They weren't the ■ bit ashamed of themselves either. I'm no dancer, but I know what dancing ■ supposed to look like and I refrain from anything less. It's strange, because I saw no black people while in New Zealand, and I ■ only assume that the lack of example will leave the country grooveless for generations.

The next morning, Karma got arrested. The cops ■ very relaxed over there; but this one hadn't had an enema in years or something, because he was a real hardass. We ■ just skating around in the street outside the police station when Constable Jessie said to Karma, "Ye're bein' a bit of a pest, aren't ye?" But "pest" ■ out like "pist," and Karma said, "I'm pissed?" Which can mean all kinds of things in New Zealand, in this case, that he was a smartass.

As Arco later remarked, the arrest was ■ good thing because ■ trip had everything. When ■ tried to find out why Karma had been arrested, Jessie told us that Karma was going before the judge later that afternoon and they ■ "ginnuh teach 'im ■ lesson," which we took to mean a public execution. We imagined the town drier ringing his bell, "Hear ye, hear ye! Kem ■ Karma Tsocheff BOONED ■ the stake in the squa' for the creem of being pissed in public!" Once again we responded to the injustices thrust upon ■ by littering. They let him out that afternoon.

We skated two more parks ■ Auckland before we boarded our plane home, bringing the total ■ 19 parks (they're not all listed here) in ten days. Not bad. I don't ■ want to try and guess how many beers the 12 of us consumed on that tour, but I bet it ■ lot. Thank you Vans. ■



I know it looks like an eggplant, but it's Aaron Harrison's first invert ■ the Brown's Bay halfpipe.



Photo: This is the big, kinked bowl in Martinsville. There was this retarded dude who would ride his bike around the edge of the bowl and occasionally lose his balance and fall in. It's hard to imagine someone more out of control than John Cardiel, but that dude was fucked. B/s oille.

Sequence: Alan pulls a 360 flip somewhere over, and under, the rainbow in Wellington.



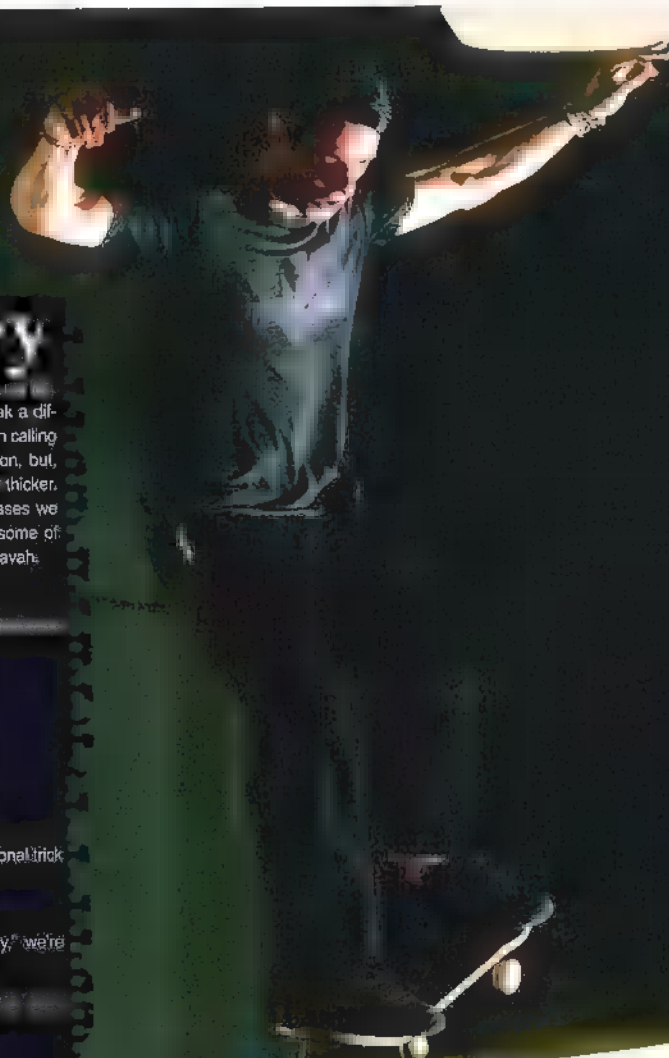
Aggressive Sheep Herding

I had gone to New York with the intention of Aggressive Street Dancing, but the hype surrounding the sport there was so much more than I could handle. Though I certainly appreciate the recognition, I think that everyone will be Under, I think that everyone will be about the new sport I was developed in the wake of Aggressive Street Dancing. I was a drunken failure, I thought that if I wanted to catch a sheep, I would have to take it more seriously. I spotted a cow on the roadside, I calmly took it and some

side I prepped my sheepdog, Alan Petersen, on the road. He would herd them along the fence right into my arms. In a photo, the plan worked perfectly. I was in the middle of the sheep and Alan chased them along the fence. "Ya! Ya!" I yelled. I reached out and grabbed the fleece of one and reeled her in. She struggled but then she signed herself to her trophy for an Aggressive Sheep Herder. I like to have a faithful sheepdog, for his dedication to this new sport.

Aggressive Sheep Herding. After only one day of Aggressive Sheep Herding, I was already scoring with the ladies. Our next-door neighbor, a couple of cute, English birds, and when I was in my little wrangling, they were all hot and bothered. "Who's THAT?" I asked. In a couple hours later, Dimitry said, "The two girls are the only sheep. Then they could have had their one both of them, but the Aggressive Sheep Herder only sheep."





Vocabulary

I have _____ said, "Whuh?" so many _____ in _____
I couldn't understand a fucking thing. They speak a dif-
_____ New Zealand, yet they insist on calling
_____ English. _____ similar to the Australian's inflection, but,
especially if it rolls _____ the _____ a Maori, _____ thicker.
Here is a _____ the more colorful phrases we
encountered during our _____ and definitions _____ some of
the words I've sprinkled throughout _____ article f'flavah.

h—skate park

_____ or white, i.e., Do _____

_____ black or with cream?

bottol _____ or store _____

_____ it _____

boo up—blow up

k—skateboard deck

_____ a gas station _____

got his _____ had sex

hod fleep—a hard _____ New Zealand's national trick

piss—drinking

izmettick—a _____ with _____

jisstiddy—either "yesterday" or _____ today," we're
not sure

koo-koo, idiot, fool-ass _____

lation available

the mill—a mobil gas station

pissed—a pest or drunk

f'dizastah—recipe for disaster

takeaways—food to

_____ wanker, or jerk



Photo: Socks are _____ bi-issue
on tour, but out for
bonus sock issue. We
of rugby, and _____ down there
bear labels on them. We tried to
_____ we could. Ethan
seen here sporting _____ Union Jack
socks while nose-grinding a box, shortly

_____ other he's
channels or closing over them. _____ the
Kid" Adam _____ box?
Ollie is _____ channel





Photo: John looks like he could be spanking an invisible child laid over his knees, but he just rolled over the hip into a grind at the Lynfield park.

Sequence: The girls in New Zealand all dress like Deadheads. They wear dresses over their pants, as if to say, "I'm gender confused!" Jason Adams wears the pants in his family. Menti's boardslide at Shadbolt.



Alan gets an F in full pipe skating at New Lynn...

In contrast to Lynfield, the next place we hit was Shadbolt. It's what Julian calls a "frying pan." There's a pyramid and some railings and blocks, but when it comes down to it, it's just a big frying pan. The only place I mention it is because the inner technician in each of them was throwing down serious yaya.

These guys are usually always moving but here they spent a lot of time on the stairrailing setup, each trying one trick over and over, which gave the rest of us plenty of time to sit in the RV and drink Red Lion beer. Red Lion's motto is: "The measure of a man's thirst." I'm not sure how you measure a man's thirst, but if you measure ours, I think we'd tip the scales. Especially Arco. The Indian is a bottomless pit. By the time we were good and stinko, Jason had made his 1/8 boardslide, Aaron had his 180'd the stairs, Cardiel had kick-flipped the railing; but, alas, Ethan could not make his 1/8 180 heel-flip the rail. Which disappointed all of us because Ethan doesn't handle failure very well and, consequently, he muttered dark, poetic stuff under his breath for the next couple hours.





Cardiel gets an F in the fucked
up skateboarder at New Lynn...



...but we all get an in camping.

One goal I had on the trip was to meet the infamous Lee Ralph. When I was younger, around 1987, he visited the United States. He was a huge, bearded, redheaded freak. At the time, everyone in San Jose did sweeps really fast. They were sometimes called "sweep leaps" because you kind of jumped into them. I remember skating Page Mill ramp and Lee Ralph showed up. He was amazing. He completely changed the way I looked at skating. For one, the fucker showed us what it meant to "leap." He'd do six-foot-high sweeps. He'd be head high, put his back foot on and finish the trick like a lien-to-tail. I later learned, of course, that he was a legend from N.Z. and had learned to skate in the most fucked-up cement parks, so a perfect Masonite ramp really wasn't much of a challenge. That next park I skated, after the frying pan, was New Lynn—one of Lee's training grounds. It was like a lunar landscape. Whoever built it tried to cram as much shit into it that it ended up being completely retarded, yet still absolutely the best. It wasn't exactly cement either. It was more like brimstone. It was astounding to imagine someone trying to learn how to skate in this Frankenstein skate park.

It was late on this second day at our fourth park that tragedy dropped itself right into our black-clad laps. We drove two hours south to Hamilton,

which boasted yet another amazing park. It was near dark when we arrived, but we still sessioned the old keyhole and street course that had recently been added. The bowl was huge, at least 12 feet deep, but it was no match for Julian, John, Chet and Alan, who looked like they had been skating it their lives. While they were impressing the locals, though, someone broke into one of the Maui's, which we were stupid enough to park in the lot, 300 yards from the park. The Goddamn thing screamed, "Tourists! Rob us!" The thieves only grabbed two bags and ignored video cameras and other valuables. But oh, what a couple of bags they grabbed. They got all of Alan's stuff—which wasn't too bad, just all of his clothes and stuffed animals—and Scott's bag, which, besides all his clothes, passport and plane ticket, contained \$3,000 cash—all our tour money. (Someone had a party that night.) We later learned that the area was notorious for crime, and some may say that there was a Maori to blame, but I know it was our damn fault. Helpless, we responded to the crime the only way we could—we littered.

Scott and I had slept in our respective Maui's the night before, more out of an effort to make a spiritual connection with the beasts, but there was reason to post a sentinel in each. So we took to sleeping in them every night henceforth. I actually enjoyed the quiet and comfort the crawl space

above the cab provided. Julian called it "the hippy bunk," because when he opened the door to my unventilated vehicle the next morning he was nearly struck down by the fetid odors my feet and ass had silently made during the night. It reminded him of an unbathed love child. I tried to accommodate my companions' sensitive nostrils by buying some foot powder, which, remarkably, squelched the flavor of my otherwise sweaty and odorous appendages, but nothing for my ass, which belted out fragrant, nocturnal melodies well into the hours of the morning whether I was awake or not. What I should have done was fashioned some sort of butt snorkel from my ass to the window.

We went back to Hamilton in the morning, parked under a tree right next to the park and silently cursed the Kiwis, half expecting to find them all dressed in Alan's and Scott's clothing. We eventually loosened up—perhaps because of the beautiful springtime weather, but more likely because of the beer that contains a delicious 5.6% alcohol rating—and had a delightful little session before hitting the road to Tauranga.

The New Zealand countryside is one of the most gorgeous sights you'll ever behold. It's nothing but a carpet of radioactive-green grass and little Dr. Seuss trees, interrupted only by small armies of grazing sheep (more on them later), as far as the eye can see. Jess gorefist!



The park in Tauranga was nothing but another frying pan. The locals, all young kids with tremendous accents, were very curious about ■. One, ■ little, scraggly Kiwi urchin, asked me, "Whu ye dune fir geefoxdee?" I ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ what the fuck he was saying, but with the help of his ■ white friend, Rob, whose Xcent was less Xtreme, ■ learned that ■ ■ ■ "Guy Fawkes Day" [see sidebar]. Apparently, Guy tried to blow up the English House of Parliament, but they caught him before he could carry out his plan and, depending on which one of the kids ■ ■ ■ paying more attention in school, they either "booned 'im at the stake," or "they boo 'im up." They've celebrated the event every year ■ ■ ■ with fireworks. One ill Kiwi was trying to light ■ ■ ■ friend on fire with ■ can of blue spray paint and a lighter. One ill Kiwi went to market.

Incidentally, Rob, our young historian, kick-flipped the regulation-size pyramid. It was funny because ■ was the exact opposite of a demo—all the pros were sitting down cheering and encouraging ■ 12-year-old kid to make his trick. He eventually landed it like ■ champ and ■ ■ ■ rewarded with ■ ■ ■ and ■ pile of loot. He ■ ■ ■ encouraged by the group to drop out of school and pursue a career ■ ■ ■ skateboarding. I wish I could have ■ ■ ■ his mother's face when ■ ■ ■ got home with his pile of loot and ■ ■ ■ attitude, "Ward ye git THET, then?!"

The night was not without interest. Our tenacious Kiwi friends tried to break into the RV again, but Jason was sleeping in it this time and able to defend ■ with a simple, "Who's that?" And Aaron left the bar ■ ■ ■ were drinking at with two ladies (note the absence of the word "young") and, ■ use his words in the morning, "had ■ sword fight with an ancient dragon."

I've always tried ■ be polite to kids, and I've always found it hard to understand why so many pros are dicks to kids, but after the next park in Whakatane, I understood. What a bunch of monsters! Julian is incredibly ■ ■ ■ to kids and I had to adopt a similar stance here. We abducted this one kid off the street ■ ■ ■ show ■ ■ ■ where the park ■ ■ ■ and once he got into the RV, he instinctively knew ■ ■ ■ in the presence ■ ■ ■ a bunch of pros from America.



Julian ■ ■ ■ like seven(!!) graders with Down's syndrome.

"Wit's yer neem?" he asked Julian.

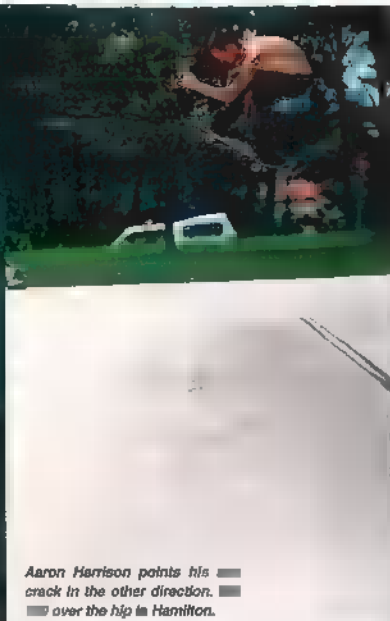
"Jerry."

"Jerry Fowler?"

"No, Garcia." Nice one, Julian.

The Whakatane park ■ brand-new and built incredibly well. I live ■ Goddamn Southern California and they can't build anything but ■ fucking \$100,000 lump; yet some little town on the east coast of New Zealand can put together an incredible park with not only a lump, but huge banks, bowls and—what I consider ■ marvel of modern engineering—a cement bell. Plus, ■ arrangement flowed. It ■ ■ ■ difficult to skate, though, because of the incessant yapping of the local kids. I literally had to whip out my dick and piss ■ ■ ■ them to make them stop asking me whether I could do "nod fleeps."

Like any good skate park, Whakatane ■ ■ ■ with a polluted moat, which Julian and Alan sadistically threw ■ ■ ■ product into. The little fuckers were starving for equipment ■ ■ ■ they threw caution to the wind and dove right into the muck, only two emerging slightly richer, but all shellacked in shit.



Aaron Harrison points his ■ ■ ■ crack in the other direction. ■ ■ ■ over the hip ■ ■ ■ Hamilton.

That night ■ ■ ■ finally used the recreational part of the recreational vehicle and camped ■ ■ ■ the beach. I was sick, so I drank ■ fifth of vodka (ancient cure) and turned in early. ■ ■ ■ not before I partook in all the things you're supposed ■ ■ ■ do while camping, like build a bonfire, cook meat, sing songs—we didn't sing songs though, but ■ ■ ■ did get properly drunk. The fire earned us a visit from a fire truck and the police who, unlike their U.S. counterparts, simply said, "Fire bad," put ■ ■ ■ out and went ■ ■ ■ their way.

I awoke in the hippy bunk that night with someone's ankle in my face. "12-14-73," my third birthday, was tattooed on it. It belonged to John Cardiel, who we now know ■ ■ ■ exactly three years younger than me (what motivated him to have that piece of information permanently etched onto his body is unknown) and ■ ■ ■ blind drunk when he climbed up into the bunk with me. Two ■ ■ ■ sailors. We don't think there was any hanky-panky since ■ ■ ■ were facing opposite directions and still wearing all our clothes when we awoke, but someone did hear snippets of ■ ■ ■ conversation we ■ ■ ■ having in our sleep.





point, I wonder, "Why
are there no photos of Julian
because Julian
it's because he's an Anti-Hero
out,
or go
skate something else. There is
exactly ONE
and we felt it
His friend John, on the other
hand, was always
show off. Here
the hip and does a
the



Guy Fawkes Day

As it out, neither of kids attention in
school. Guy Fawkes was neither booned or booed to boo
House of Lords, he was hung.
in 1605, the basement of Lords in
barrels of gunpowder. His motives aren't entirely
certain, and there are even some who insist he was framed, but it
seems that he and pirates were Catholics and took
offense to the Protestants in power. I'd like to think he just a
flat-out anarchist. appeared on the King's desk
warning him of the plot. When on
they pile of at followed
by 36 of
and his
were
stretched on the rack for a
and
their neck and
its bloody
been celebrating the
with bonfire and
every November 5
since, it's uncertain
whether they're celebrat-
ing the continued health of
their Lords the
anarchists.
Fawkes.



Guido fawkes



Photo: In Ireland, mounds like this are gathering places for **leprechauns**. This **leprechaun** was a magnet, not for fairies, but little kids who were fascinated with "hod fleaps." **Ethan Petersen** hovers over the cement marvel.

Sequence: There was a group of locals who followed us everywhere, presumably to see Ethan's clothes and his flips over the hip at Whiskatane.



This is Jason Adam's long twin brother. ■ followed ■ everywhere.

Drunk ■ shit, I ordered Karma to pull ■. I had spotted two lil' fluffy fuckers on ■ side of the fence. They were cute, too. As I stumbled out of the RV, they knew I was up to ■ good and darted into a hole in the fence and ran down the grassy slopes to alert the rest of the herd that an asshole was coming. The entire herd, plus ■ gaggle ■ turkeys and some horses, all beat it down the hill and rested far below ■ in a ■ I would never reach. They bleated, gobbled and neighed at the drunk intruder who had gotten so frustrated falling off the narrow sheep trails that zigzagged ■ the hill that he pulled out his penis and pissed at them out of frustration. A clever strategy was going to have to ■ devised next time, I thought to myself.

The rest of the drive to Wellington, the second largest city in New Zealand, located on the southern tip of the north island, was fairly uneventful except that the Russian joined the exclusive club

that Aaron ■ in. We also skated a park in Napier that everyone skated well, but it ■ kind of what-■ (street slang) compared to the cement we had been riding.

In Wellington we hooked up with Matt, ■ friend that Julian and Arco had met on ■ previous visit. Matt is ■ champion. He loves to skate and he loves to party; but rather than rely ■ others ■ make these two things happen, he creates ■ own ■. He owns ■ skate shop downtown, ■ skate park and ■ nice pad, with a beautiful ■ of ■ bay, that he was kind enough to let us crash ■. The park was really nothing ■ than ■ bunch of wedge ramps in ■ warehouse; but *feng shui* must have been employed in arranging them, because the energy flowed just right ■ there. I will refrain from commenting ■ the action because, I don't know ■ I've mentioned it yet, but I'm sick of writing about skating. Look at the pictures, look at the silly ■ pictures.

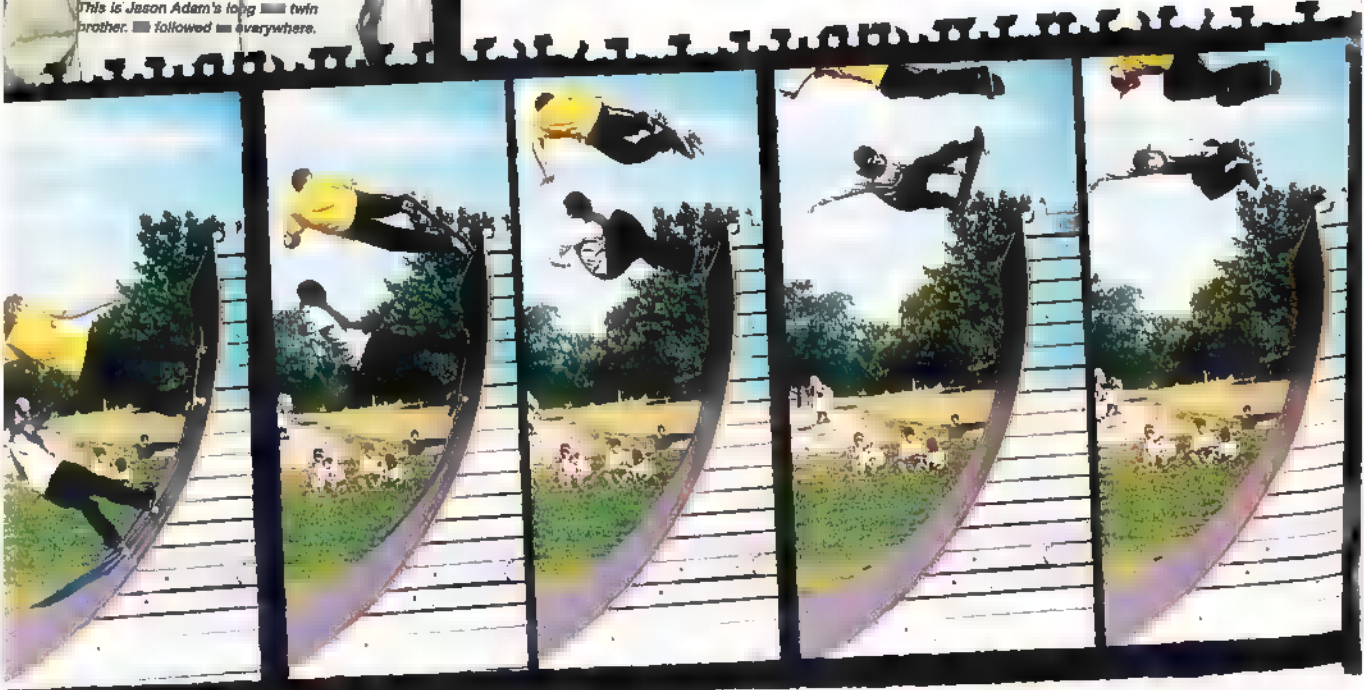




Photo: Karma simultaneously shits his tongue and makes a 1/4 flip in Matt's house in windy Wellington.

Sequence: I'm not sure who Alan borrowed his yellow shirt from, but I know he borrowed the quarter-pipe from the corner of the warehouse and set it up here for this silly little trick. Genius, really.



Photo: Unlike Ethan, Alan was forced to wear black for the entire trip because the thieves left him with nothing else. He eventually started borrowing clothes, but not before this channel clip in Tauranga.

Sequence (upper left): _____ park we skated had a Wu-Tang logo painted in it and just about every other Maori we saw _____ some article of Wu-Tang. This park in Napier, though, was ruled not by the Wu-Tang, but by "Natty Dan" _____ and Ethan _____.

Sequence _____ This _____ in Napier functioned better as a playground obstacle for the local kids, but still, the wonder twins, Alan _____ Chet, were able to pull some cool double lines. Alan does a big air over Chet's tes twist. (If you look closely you can see that Alan gives Chet a little pat on _____ back.)

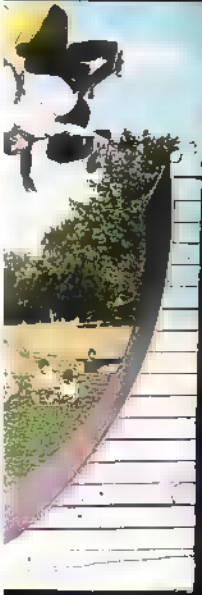




Photo: Katma kickflips the
cyclopean EMG Down Under in
Auckland on our last night.

Sequence: I've often told John, both
as his friend and his coach, that when
doing it's boardslides, it's more fun to roll
away from them, but he just won't listen.



Ethan Fowler

The background of the entire page is a dark, moody photograph. In the lower-left corner, a person wearing a tuxedo and a white shirt is visible, looking towards the camera. A large, glowing red, textured shape, which looks like a giant hand or a stylized letter 'F', dominates the right side of the image, reaching towards the top right corner. The overall color palette is dark with a strong red accent.

interview by Dave Carnie

So, are you gay?

Yeah, fuck. Yeah.

Wow, are you coming out of the closet in this exclusive **Be** **Bronner** interview?

No. I don't have a closet to come

What do you think of all these allegations that you're the new supposedly gay skateboarder?

It's silly.

Well, it's not that silly because—here, listen to the evidence I compiled against me in the interior decorating...

Yeah.

Your musical taste includes Pansy Division, the Cure and Morrissey, and your new favorite author is Oscar Wilde, one of the notorious homosexuals of modern times.

Okay, well, the Pansy Division thing—Jason Adams was talking about them a lot and I remember it as always being funny.

I think it's a Beautiful Men's Club

are not homophobic.

What prompted the move to the all-black wardrobe?

Just an overall change that's taken you over?

Yeah.

with Portland?

to Portland and a girl in Portland.

say they like the flannels and jeans all the time.

Is that an old

It's definitely a

You're many people.

What, in life?

Just in general, I think

So you don't find it utterly hopeless and deplorable?

Sometimes.

Like now, because a girl just broke up

wasn't necessarily a

out. It was a breakup

So you're saying your morose disposition comes from a combination of

and

I wouldn't even say Portland.

I would, it's so fucking gloomy up there

Where into life? said on New Zealand

tour, "What was would we have without women?" That's a lot of w's, actually.

Yeah. I'm a poet.

Or a jackass.

Yeah. That too, I think I place too much of my salvation in a female. That's not good for me. But that's okay, I think I can deal with it.

They wouldn't card me and they'd feed me drinks all day so I wouldn't feel sick and have people bring me bottles of whiskey when I couldn't get out of the house. It was kind of sad, but it was kind of fun.

Tell us about the abstinence and drugs. What led that and how long has been on?

Eight months. I have drunk. I know, I can have one drink. And the former being near death.

asked me two about the strain and alcohol—the latter was how long. So near and eight months.

So you were near death when you quit?

It felt like it.

So you feel a lot better now?

Very much.

your skatiny

On my gosh, I don't know

Do you think you recommitted yourself to skating when you did that? You made a lot of changes in your life all at one time.

Well, I did. I was conscious of

that before. I felt like I was

it didn't feel good.

I didn't feel good in any way, I just

drank too much, all the time

and myself a break. It's just you

how I sick. It's

I was feeling like that all the time. It was kind of

to the same bars because

though I didn't have an ID.

They wouldn't card me and they'd feed me drinks

all day so I wouldn't feel sick. I'd bring

me bottles of whiskey when I couldn't get out of the

house. It was kind of sad, but it was kind of fun. I

have a tendency to glamorize. It was

romantic in a way. It became unromantic after a

say it was bad because

it was good for me. I can't say I'll never do it again.

but what happened. I don't regret. Didn't you have a meeting with

on the sub?

Yeah. He offered me a "vacation"—you know, with

the little quotes that you make your fingers—

and that he'd help me out. So in other words, "Do

for it if you

do." That was nice, but it was scary too. I thought,

Wow, I must really look like shit.

Do you remember Dave Camie kicking

roommate's boyfriend's ass in the kitchen?

Fuck yeah. The best thing was, when my room-

mate, Dave Camie, kicked my other roommate's

boyfriend's ass, I wanted to stab him. But the only





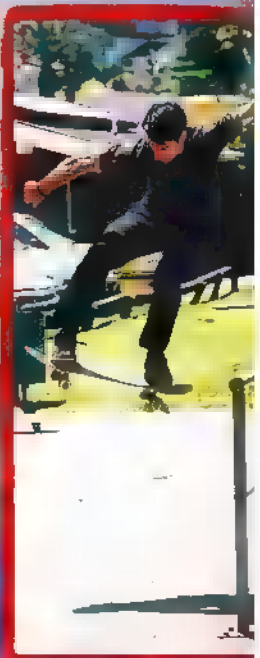
Photo: Even if Ethan isn't [redacted], he's still [redacted] needed to their community, if only indirectly, in this photo. It's a feeble grind over the rainbow in Wellington, New Zealand.

Sequence: New Zealand isn't exactly known for its art, but [redacted] tourist [redacted] had to address [redacted] just [redacted] same. So, under the chapter "Art" [redacted] was always sure to [redacted] about [redacted] film Once Were [redacted] [redacted] it. Nothing else. I don't see why they didn't mention this wonderful sculpture in downtown Auckland. Kind of an [redacted] [redacted] Under. A portrait of an [redacted] by a young man.



Photo: This is the park in Hamilton. We were watching Ethan casually blasting big ollies over this hip, our RVs (in the background) were being broken into, probably right when this photo was taken.

Sequence: You may be wondering if we shot all the photos for this interview in one day, since Ethan appears to be wearing the same black outfit in every damn one of them. Actually, they were shot over a period of ten days; Ethan just doesn't wear anything but black outfits. This is the last kick-flip of the trip out of the half-pipe in Brown's Bay just north of Auckland, a few hours before departure.



sure if I stabbed him and he the house that I'd go to jail. So I would him—that was scary. See what relationships do to people? They make people go crazy in other people's kitchens. Where does music fit into your life right now? in, it's my life.

Are you still playing college art rock bullshit?

I'm not. It's borderline right reminds me of Led Threat. When you don't know how to play

pens. But when you learn to play, other things happen.

I think many people know how much you play, like you haven't used your own music in one of your video parts. How do you feel skaters that use their own song for their parts? Frank Garcia-Hirata, for example.

I think it's kind of corny. cool If you're a sensib you don't have to make that a i mean, you're doing sales, then fuck off.

What would say are favorite and favorite music?

Well, let's see who the turntable look that, it's the

Stones, all kinds people.

Morrissey fan? Valley is a big me my first Morrissey tape.

Viva Hate. I used to ditch school, home and listen to Viva Hate with head

ishment.

How did you meet Valley that long ago?

When I rode for and skated with Ed (Templeton) all the time.

Is that before or might as well talk about the. How did

Well, was that the beginning of my career you seems to think so.

he does, he was involved. think it

had just turned 16, and I lived in Iowa City. would always call me, because I met him through and tell me that I was wasting my talent as a skateboarder in Iowa, and I agreed. I bored stiff. So he and Tobin [Yelland] were in York artist and on their back, they stopped in Iowa. They mentioned they were going Francisco and there was room in the car, and asked if

my savings account. not in the car and went to San Francisco. And there I lived. Do you remember the I met you? It was your birthday and I went over to

I used to ditch school, go home and listen to Viva Hate with my head between the speakers and read Crime and Punishment.

Yeah, I was on really silly amounts of drugs. and answered the door with a bourbon in

That morning I had drank two bottles of jobitussin! What a I was, huh? I didn't know what else to do.

You've always been in your age though. Have you ever thought that?

Yeah.

I've always respected age, and it's never been now, with all the black clothes everything, it seems like you're going through a phase that is typical of your age.

Really? Have I slowed caught up?

I guess slowed down, because I've you as being as young as. But right now, you're definitely acting

know what, that's what my mother told me too. I was being really dramatic and she said, "Would kill me if I told you 80% of that is age?" But you know what? That's okay to be young. I wanted to be my age, but I couldn't. I didn't know always been this age, and finally, here I am, body as as mind. two finally

I was thinking the other day that I haven't changed much from when I was 21 or 22. Kind of depressing, but kind of neat.

Yeah, but what's in between either get a steady and become an aspiring yuppie, or you just realize that you're some kind of a punker and ferent forever.

Yeah, I we're lucky that skateboarding has taken us down that

Absolutely. it today, because my friend is looking for a job now. He said, "I experience,

I'm a dishwasher. Line me up."

And I about it. have either,

get a I think I'd screwed.

do if you weren't skating?

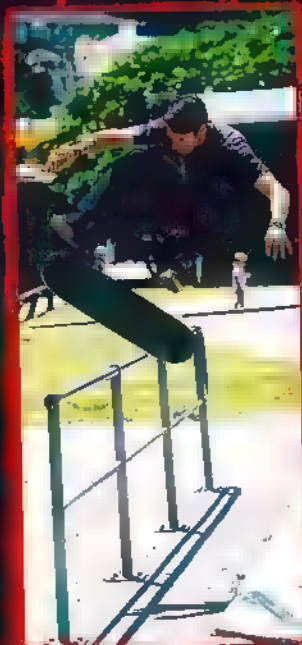
I'd have a crappy job and depressed, I'd go to school if I could afford it, which I would love to do. You can take out lots of loans, yourself miserably in debt forever and go live on that.

Yeah, but you're a skateboarder. You're rural. Do you ever think that it just comes easier to you?

Well, sometimes it does, but sometimes it's scary. People always say, "Oh, you make." But I'm usually really I don't know what I'm doing all the time, but it just seems to work out.

Most people don't know when Portland, you don't go out skating.

Not much. to not think it and play my guitar and do the other things that satisfy me.



I liked Jimm: hung [redacted]
Issue [redacted] BROTHER #39]—how he
was able to [redacted] that [redacted] grew out
skateboarding. Because most peo-
ple insincerely say, [redacted]
is my life."

Yeah, there's tons of other shit to do.
[redacted] one. But if you don't
enjoy doing it anymore, then get the
fuck out and don't waste anybody's
time. If you like it, do it. You know,
if that guy is [redacted] to take up pages in
a magazine and he [redacted] if [redacted]
he's doing, then fuck him.

I just thought you two shared similar
[redacted] skating, because
both of you don't fit the typical
Thrasher attitude that has [redacted]
ed skating for three decades, which
is that you have to skate all the
time. Yeah, Well, this is what I do: I come
home, and I'm [redacted] it's away from
[skateboarding].

[redacted] skateboarding as a
[redacted]

No. I mean, I do when I have to do cer-
tain things and I'll take care of them,
[redacted] need [redacted]

[redacted] to get a [redacted]
[redacted] like "Fuck. I
gotta go [redacted] Goddamn pic-
ture! Rats!" I like to skateboard. But I
also like to not skateboard.

[redacted] the subject of being a
[redacted] remembers New Zealand
Karma. How does [redacted]

And Karma said, [redacted] at his
[redacted] how did you get such

[redacted] you [redacted] asking me that
[redacted] lion? I don't [redacted] It just happened.

[redacted] you have fucked
arms, because of your brother, and I
thought [redacted]

pened to your legs.
Well, yeah, [redacted] weights,
and [redacted] arms got all tweaked because
they weren't done growing

they grew funny.
Well, isn't that what hap- [redacted] to your legs?
No.
Oh, I just thought everything was connected.
Your arm bone is connected to your leg bone.

[redacted] to the knee—only if you're
that statue. Hey, [redacted] know what I like? Last night I
listened to these tapes of Joyce and
[redacted] ing parts of *Finnegan's Wake* and *Portrait of the
Artist*. And there's this one—it's [redacted] first [redacted] of
Portrait of the Artist—and I read [redacted] [redacted] I
wanted to see how it sounds. I like to do [redacted]
there is this [redacted] and it goes, [redacted]
animus dimittit in an [redacted] And it means: "And he
set his mind to work upon unknown arts." I [redacted] that
a lot. I think that applies to my life.

I was going to ask you, how much of an influ-
ence do the books you read have [redacted]
Too much.

Actually, you didn't answer that question earli-
er: What are your favorite books?

[redacted] is of *Dorian Gray*
and the other is of an artist as a young man. I don't
[redacted] now—*The Brothers Karamazov*. All this [redacted] I
just read are [redacted] like [redacted]

Did you read that?
I tried to when I was a plumber, but I never fin-
ished it because I couldn't get into it.
I think you have to be in that time, or at least want
to be there. I [redacted] this silent film that was made of
Faust, and it was the coolest thing I'd seen in a
[redacted] like [redacted] read that book.

It's amazing. It's beautiful.
What does *Faust* do [redacted] doesn't he sell his soul
for a woman?

No, no, no. *Faust* was like a doctor,
alchemist, and he was always looking for cures for
all these plagues and diseases that were going
around. He was losing faith in his work and in God,
because there are all these people dying and he
[redacted] help them. So God and the Devil make
[redacted] bet. God says, "If you can tempt him and lead him
your way and astray from his faith, then you can
have rule [redacted] it's kind of dramatic.

When are you going [redacted] learn how to drive?

[redacted] I don't know. [redacted] Kind of [redacted] driven on
streets before with other [redacted] like twice.

I have this theory [redacted] Mexicans and Asians
suck at driving because they [redacted] a cul-

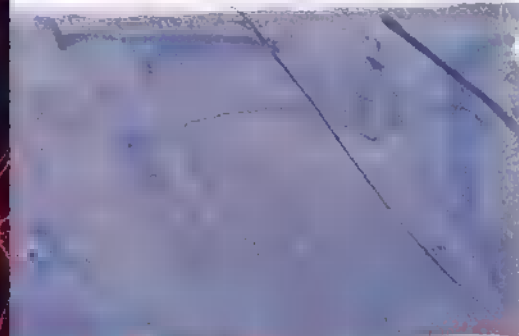




Photo: "Show me, show me, show me how you do that trick." I think everyone would ☐ to know how our dark prince ☐ ☐ fucking high.

Sequence: This is easily a candidate for ☐ trick of the trip. Oiled the whole box to a *1/8* blunticide to fake in Matt's warehouse in Hallington. The *distraction* in a female are obviously far away here.





Photo: Since Ethan is so sour on women right now, I thought I'd offer a woman-bashing joke to lighten his spirits during this lipslide. How many men does it take to open a beer? None. It should be open by the time she brings it.

Sequence: Here's another. What the hell, right? What do you call a woman with two brain cells? Pregnant. It's a lipslide to fuckle.



two that isn't car-based. Like I always had this "road sense." But they haven't been behind the wheel of a car until they and they don't understand it.

Happy driver?

It'd be yes. I think you're wrong. My brother loves cars. He has a Corvette. That's one thing. Cars, and I don't want one. Because when I see people in certain cars I tend to make judgments, and I know that what ever I look at, I look at my brother in his red Corvette—and he's big kind of looks

me. Is that what cars do to people? But, he used to drive me around real. I used to "help," but turn bolts and wrenches and stuff—on a '69 Mustang. about cars. Just

that way. Oh, I stand corrected. Perhaps you will be a good driver. Because another theory I have is that people drive the way they skate. Like my friend, he drives like a maniac, completely out of control. So maybe you'll be a smooth, smooth driver. I drive good, so that kind of shoots down my theory. In any way, how much has Dave Carnie affected your skateboarding?

Oh man, a lot. Because I realized the importance of the tail block.

Why did you leave Stereo?

I didn't like it. That's pretty straightforward.

Firm, but fair.

How do you feel about the contest?

Death threats? I haven't heard of those in a week. And I got the last bomb out of the cement a week ago.

That's good.

Yeah. You're a good friend.

You're easy on the interviewers.

We change their words around, you?

No. Well, if anything, I'll change things grammatically proper so they

don't like being read as being able to speak English.

Hey, I want to sound like I'm from the ghetto, so can you insert a

and duh. That's my next thing.

next phase?

You know what's fun? Going to the bar and getting 21 and ordering a root beer. I get this really sick pleasure out of that.

Yeah, so I look like I'm from the ghetto. Like I'm keeping because I

real. I know? I take a look and I

real. I took out on the contest. I see a lot of fresh gear and

there.

That fucker, who does he think he is, that

How do you feel about contests? You've been doing good recently.

Oh, sometimes.

You don't you?

Yeah, I was really excited because I was

Well, it's good. I was really excited because I was

Oh, dammit, yes. That was a t/s 180 heel flip. Just rotten.

Did you want to hit the bottle? Are there times that you really have to control yourself from the store and

Yes, many times. I've been good about it. Seeing as I'm 21, it is! No need to ask that question!

Sometimes I'm hard in the store. Do you know what's fun? Going to the bar and being 21 and ordering a root beer. I get this really sick pleasure out of that. That's my next thing.

Drinks for five and here I am and I don't even want to drink. I've tricked them.

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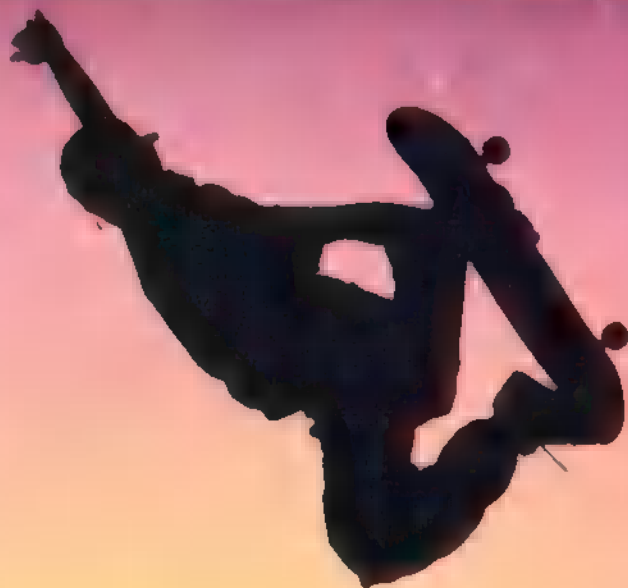
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Oh, dammit, yes. That was a t/s 180 heel flip. Just rotten.

Did you want to hit the bottle? Are there times that you really have to control yourself from the store and



CHET CHILDRESS

INTERVIEW BY DIMITRY ELYASHKEVICH

...problem.
What do you mean? That I like skating?
...flew like 16 hours to New Zealand and then everyone just ... skating.

Skok, huh? I guess we could have just gone ... or hung out at ... hotel, but that ain't like any of us. Everyone was seriously into skating.

Would you consider yourself a spaz for skating?

Not a spaz. Maybe a "skateaholic." Especially like the shit we were pulling up to. What else did we have to do ... around in the wagons and skate? Best trip I've ever been on, seriously. Straight-up party mission. Sixteen skate parks in ten days.

What was your favorite thing about New Zealand?

The whole trip in general was sick. We went there and instead of fall, like it is here, it's spring. Weather was super nice. The skate parks ... The girls are pretty. The food, it's all right; it's kind of gnarly.

So when did every ... start calling you "Crooked Arm"?

You ...
We did?

Yeah, I think, I just remember everyone started saying it after ... this caption in the magazine. It was like John G. ... stole Chet Childress's crooked arm and did a crooked grind on some ... That's when my friends started ... with ...

It stuck ever since?

Basically, yeah. Thanks, man.

The ... in Chet ... up like ... Japanese tourists in the dying light of a Wanganui sunset.



SS

Well, could be worse.

So are you gonna send us an X-ray of your arm?
I don't have 'em.

get made. We'll pay for it.
An X-ray of a crooked arm?
Yeah.

bone. It's not that weird looking or anything.

split or anything?
Nah. It's like two bones that formed.

So between your elbow and your wrist is one bone?

Yeah. They fused together.
And born like

I guess. One day, when I was all, "Help me carry this firewood." And he told me to turn my arm over.

Did this you were fucking around, like trying get out of it?
No, he figured it out.

Does that run in the family? Any else have crooked

What about the ladies? How do they take to the crooked arm?

don't even notice unless I tell them. Most people don't even know. Some people still don't know.

So you skate for Creature?
Yeah, I skate for Creature, Venture Trucks, Vans, Bullet Wheels and Smith Optical.

What the hell is Smith Optical?
It's actually pretty cool. It's a sunglass

snowboarding, and they make shades. They're actual.

skate in that are just like the ones I wear, wire frame stuff. They're cool. They hook me up with prescription glasses and everything.

Why not just get contacts?

gymnastism, and my blink

it before. Eventually I might glasses are just easier for me.

So you're blind?
No, I'm not blind, but I can't see that

So how did the whole sponsorship thing happen for you? I know it's

hard for people from the East to get

Just skating and traveling, really how I got hooked up. But how long have you been skating for?

for Creature?

Yeah, Darren Navarette hooked me up. I was pretty stoked to ride for Creature because of NHS. I for Acme, a couple of boards

here and there, to getting treated good. They take care of me.

So which Creature are you?
I don't know.

You guys
vertical

you call Aaron is a "chickaholic." Homeboy just goes crazy if he doesn't get it after a couple of days. He'll go for wide loads if he has to.

I don't know. He's got standards, get a little

Then we got Jake he be? He's the mel-

low monster.

What, like the Cookie Monster or something?

know about these monsters and shit. I guess I'm the fuckin' crooked monster.

You're the flame boy.

I ain't a flamer, dude. What the fuck are you trying to say that I'm a fudge packer or some

No, just you're orange and you fly around everywhere.

You're not don't think. What the fuck? I've got a son. See, then you're your son?

He's five

Does your kid have a crooked arm?

He came out wonderful looking, I don't know how, but he came out perfect. Way better than his for him. He's a smart

kid, too.

got him skating already?

Yeah, he messes around a little bit. But he likes little stuff. He's stoked.

He likes pic stuff?

Yeah. Always. He likes swords and little when you're a little kid, you want guns and knives and swords and stuff like that.

you have a gun where you're from?

rebel necks with some gun racks in the back of

Where do you live?

I live on the coast of North Carolina, in this town called

That's pretty South?

Yeah, it's the dirty South. Dirty. So, would let your kid read

BROTHER?

Yeah, sure, in a couple of years. It's good, because I

hide things from him, you know? I hide

not know what's knows the pocano's right.

I don't know about You got any fetishes?

I'm pretty normal when it comes to that shit. tweaked

I don't get that one. must wrong way when they're into of that shit.

what do you think about

I was super into while. don't know, I'm getting burnt out on them, you know? They're fun and stuff.

it's usually cool shit—but the pressure and nerves.



You know why it's funny? Chet can't do state-fishes on account of his arm. We should all
"State fish! State fish!" the
next contest he enters. But, he can by's
smith grind the fuck out of anything.

CHET CHILDRESS



I've seen you piss a lot of people off at contests.

I have? What, getting in their way?

Yeah.

Whatever. It's just the nature of the beast. I just like to fly around and check it all out. I didn't know I pissed people off. I just laugh. They're taking this way too seriously. But watch, next contest I'm gonna run into the biggest guy there, like [Mike] Vallely or [Sean] Shelley or something.

Who's your favorite rapper?

I don't think I have one. How about Too Short.

Do you rap music?

Yeah. I go through phases, you know what I mean? Sometimes I'm into it.

What's your main thing, musicwise?

It just varies. The old hardcore stuff, rock 'n' roll, some jazz, reggae.

Banjos?

No. Country music, even though I do come from the South.

What's up with the eyeballs and lines you draw?

I don't know. I just do that as the starting point, and from there. Maybe it's some phase of my right now.

Do you think the whole "skate art" thing?

I'm not trying to do that. I just draw for fun. I'm not trying to be an artist. I'm just a normal person that draws.

Do you ever do your own graphics?

No, maybe later. Eventually—if I draw something I really like. I'm the kind of guy that likes something one day and something else the next week.

So you're pretty much an all-around guy?

I guess you could call it that. I just skate everything. I'm not a street guy, really. I like to skate parks and transitions a lot, to be honest. But I try skate everything. If you skate everything, skateboarding is that much interesting.

Where's your shoe?

No shoes for me, dude. I got a lot of skating to do.

Do you expect a shoe in the year?

Nah.

You expect to be alive?

Now that's what I question every day when I wake up. What's gonna happen?

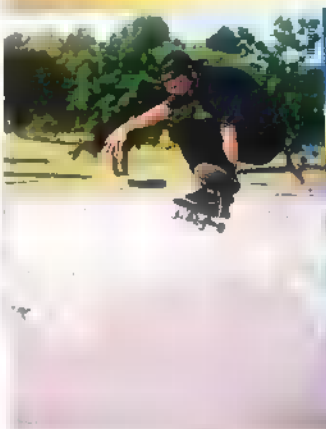
I think it's just gonna be another day.

You think so? I know it'll be 2000 in New Zealand before it is here. I'd like to be there.

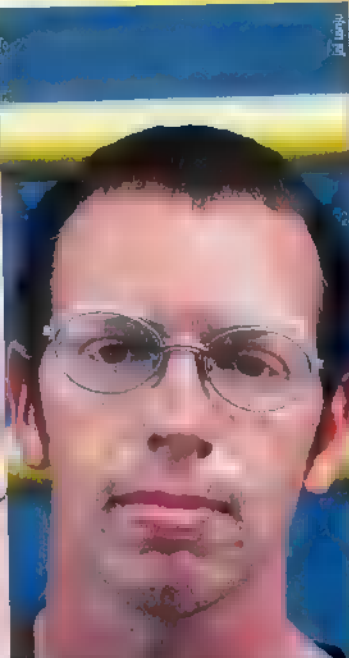
You got any fucked-up tour stories?

One on this NHS tour, we all got thrown in jail. I was with Ron Whaley, Brian Childers, Tony Tieu, Ryan Aningalan, Aliba [Jefferson] and Richard Kirby. We were in this town in Tennessee. Skate shop owner's name, "All right, we're having a demo today. Just go to the middle of town

to the statue, and we'll skate." So we show up at the statue and there are 300 kids. So we start skating, like a big session. And then cops show up and they're like, "What the fuck are you doing? Hell no, you've got to go." So we left and we're going to this other spot. I pull up and Richard Kirby is handcuffed, getting put in the car. I found out it was because under his breath he said, "Let's start a riot," because everyone went to the next spot and the cops did the same thing. So I went up to the cop and I was like, "Hey, we're just doing this tour." So the cops are all, "Get everyone out of here and we'll let your friend go." I got everyone out and I came back, and the cop's like, "Nah, we're gonna take him downtown." So me and Brian Childers are walking and this other cop on a bike charges down the middle of the sidewalk and runs right through the middle of us,



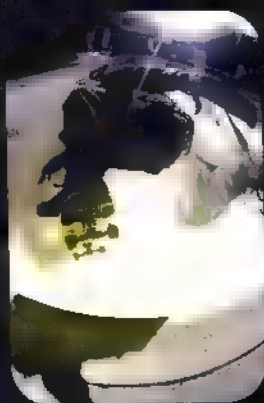
Chet and his teammate Aaron Harrison came to be referred to as Stoner 1 and Stoner 2 on the New Zealand trip because of their seemingly endless consumption of the Devil's weed while sitting in little boxes (the RVs). Here's a kickflip his grab at Napier park before harvesttime.



Chet



Since Chet doesn't have cable, he's probably never seen the "tossed salad man." It's some prison guard who likes to have his nether regions licked by new inmates. Chet tosses a salad grind up on the extension.



Crook steals a Caballeria from the pool in Fresno.

and runs ■■■ Brian's foot. I ■■■ like, "What the fuck?" I ■■■ out. I ■■■ like, "What the fuck are you doing? You can't do that!" So ■■■ cop freaked out and the next thing I know, I'm ■■■ the ground cuffed; Brian's cuffed. And the funny thing is, ■■■ had it ■■■ video. So I was like, "Fuck it, ■■■ got ■■■ on video. You're fucked!" ■■■ Tony Tieu, Ron Whaley, Ryan Aningalan and Atiba ■■■ the van, and Ron pulls out the van, gets ■■■ spotlight, and ■■■ "Fuckin' pigs! I know what happened!" Cops charged down ■■■ van, get Ron, get Atiba, cuff them up ■■■ go through everyone's ■■■. They dumped everyone's stuff out and took \$300.

Took the money?!

Yeah, took ■■■ of Brian Childers's money. Put me, Brian and ■■■ in the back of a cop ■■■ and turned ■■■ the heat in the middle of the ■■■. ■■■ we went ■■■ jail all

night, and finally we got ■■■ the next day in the afternoon. ■■■ sketchy. It was a shitty situation. Don't ever go to Memphis, Tennessee, those cops suck. The cops ■■■ so fucked there. ■■■ got out of jail and had to come back, ■■■ the only reason we got out ■■■ 'cause the judge owed the lawyer money from horse racing. What the fuck?! That's ■■■ corrupt world, dude. We ■■■ just doing ■■■ job. Man, they fucked ■■■ up.

That's ■■■ That's America.

The funny thing ■■■ Atiba got charges, and ■■■ wasn't doing ■■■. ■■■ dragged ■■■ the whole thing—the nicest guy. He's just ■■■ to ■■■ photos. Doesn't ■■■, doesn't smoke, nothing—and ■■■ to go to jail. ■■■'s ■■■ troublemaker. ■■■ was super-cool. He didn't ■■■ us or anything, because ■■■ totally our ■■■.

If you ■■■ the President, would you ■■■ blowjobs in the Oval ■■■ from some fat intern?

That's ■■■ heavy one. I'd say yeah, but I'd be more discreet about it. That guy's a jackass. You can do ■■■ good job as President, but who cares when you're getting caught getting head. ■■■ blew it, man. You know what trips me out about that whole thing? The government ■■■ hide everything else—so many ■■■ spiracles and things they don't want us to know—but they can't hide shit like that.

It could be a conspiracy to ■■■ him out ■■■ there.

That's true, huh? You ■■■ what's crazy? Me ■■■ my brother don't have cable anymore, just 'cause it's always ■■■ of shit ■■■ that I don't ■■■ care about. And ■■■ that Jerry Springer shit—You don't like ■■■

No, man. I don't like ■■■ whole bunch of fake drama. ■■■ just sad.

it's real sad. Hey, don't most of those people come from North Carolina?

Nah, don't claim that shit to my state. That's why I don't need cable. I'll just read the paper. Same deal.

You read a lot?

Not that much, but I'm gonna start reading more. I've got plans to go to school.

For what?

I want to be a first-through eighth-grade art teacher. I want to teach, especially art.

Did you ever notice that your art teachers couldn't really draw?

Yeah—huh?

They had like ■■■ good thing that was beyond us at the time. Like just some mess/modern art deal.

I just want to work with kids. It's ■■■ simple life, I don't need that much.

Be ■■■ comedian, like Carrot Top. Don't go there.



Bottom sequence: This grid, by Huster standards, would be fully ■■■

"I believe we haven't mentioned it before... but Cher... out of
 (Beautiful Men's Club) about five minutes after he was inducted for
 Butt Muncher's Club. He has since formed his own
 little... called the... or... Club. You have... have something
 crooked about you to be a member. He claims... an army. But the only
 ber I know of, besides himself," Scott Sigman; he... a broken nose. It's
 a two-man private army or a couple of homos if you ask me. Big big air to dis-
 aster at the... Lynn park in New Zealand.

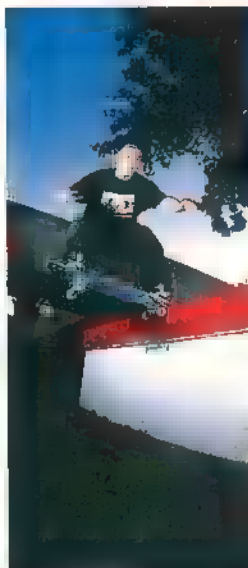


CHET CHILDRESS

in the name of Love

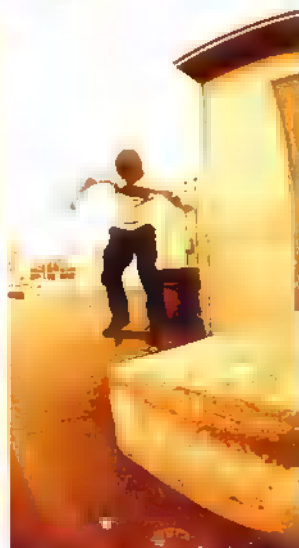
Skateboarding

You may be reading this in February, but I'm writing these captions in December. So right now I'm wondering if Rob's bells are jingling as he widely stands this switch noslide...



SKATIE

geoff
rowley





rob
dyrdek

FLICKS



Deck the halls with fake kick-flips. Row-ley-ley-ley-ley, ley-ley-ley-ley.

It will be a silent night in hell when Andrew Reynolds quits slapping his holy tail into b/a tailslide shove-its.



SKATTE

pete
lehman





andrew
reynolds

FLICKS



Pete's three tricks of the Orient are bearing a variation confusing to all. Here's what the photographer said: "noseblunt slide to fakie nosegrind to switch b/s shove-it out."

You know it's beginning to look a lot like Christmas when you start landing big spln kick-flips...



SKATE

brian
summer





tyrone olson

tyrone
olson

FLICKS



the third day of shooting Brian Sumner gave me, three 1/8 180 flips, lengthy nosegrinds, nollie pop shove-it, a pear

Do you hear what I hear? Do you hear what I hear? A pop, a pop, hard flipped high o'er yonder gap, with a stance that's switch and sure, a stance that's switch and sure.



SKATE

will
harmon





felix
arguelles

FLICKS



Oh little rail of Bethlehem, how slippery Will... thee lie. F/s bluntslide transfer to shove-it.



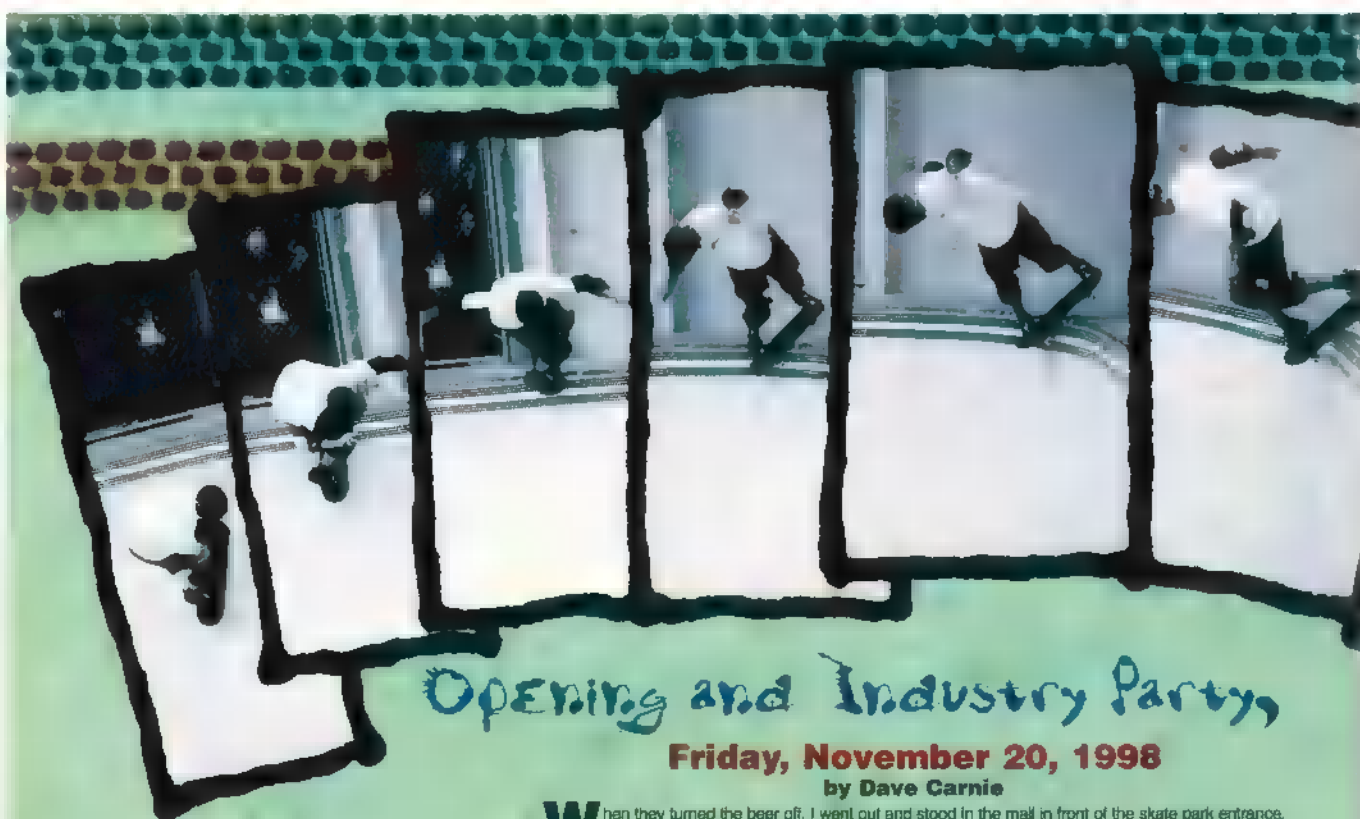
Photo: Hear ye! Hear ye! Let it be known throughout the land that the lazy-ass photographers of Bu Brothers did not shoot one single photo at the grand-opening party of the Vans skate park. While old-school legends such as Selbie, Schroeder, Eric Jueden, Mike Smith, Jeff Grosso, Steve Caballero and Lance Mountain relived their childhoods in the combi-pool, Dimitry walked around with his camera in his backpack and terrorized the complimentary catered food and drink stands. Consequently, Kosick had to back and shoot this entire article. It almost defies logic, kinds like Omar Hassan's one-foot tail grab in the combi-pool.

Sequence: Kerry Getz is but one of the nimble-footed gazelles you will find grazing on the obstacles of the street course. F's half-cab flip over the hip.

SWANS SKATE DIARY

photos by kosiek





Opening and Industry Party

Friday, November 20, 1998

by Dave Carnie

When they turned the beer off, I went out and stood in the mall in front of the skate park entrance, waiting for my friends. A little boy approached me; he wanted stuff. I didn't have any stuff to give him. He **■** really little. I was wearing my red suit. I said, "I'll give you **■** dollar if you can do a kick-flip." He took my board, set it down and kick-flipped it. I gave him **■** dollar.

"I can do other stuff too!" he said. A small crowd gathered.

I offered him the rest of my money, \$7, if he could do a heel-flip. The crowd got bigger. He set the board down again, oiled, but didn't make it. The crowd urged him to try it again. He looked at me. I waved the money at him. He stepped back on the board, oiled, but failed again. The crowd was disappointed. They wanted him to make it. I waved the money at him.

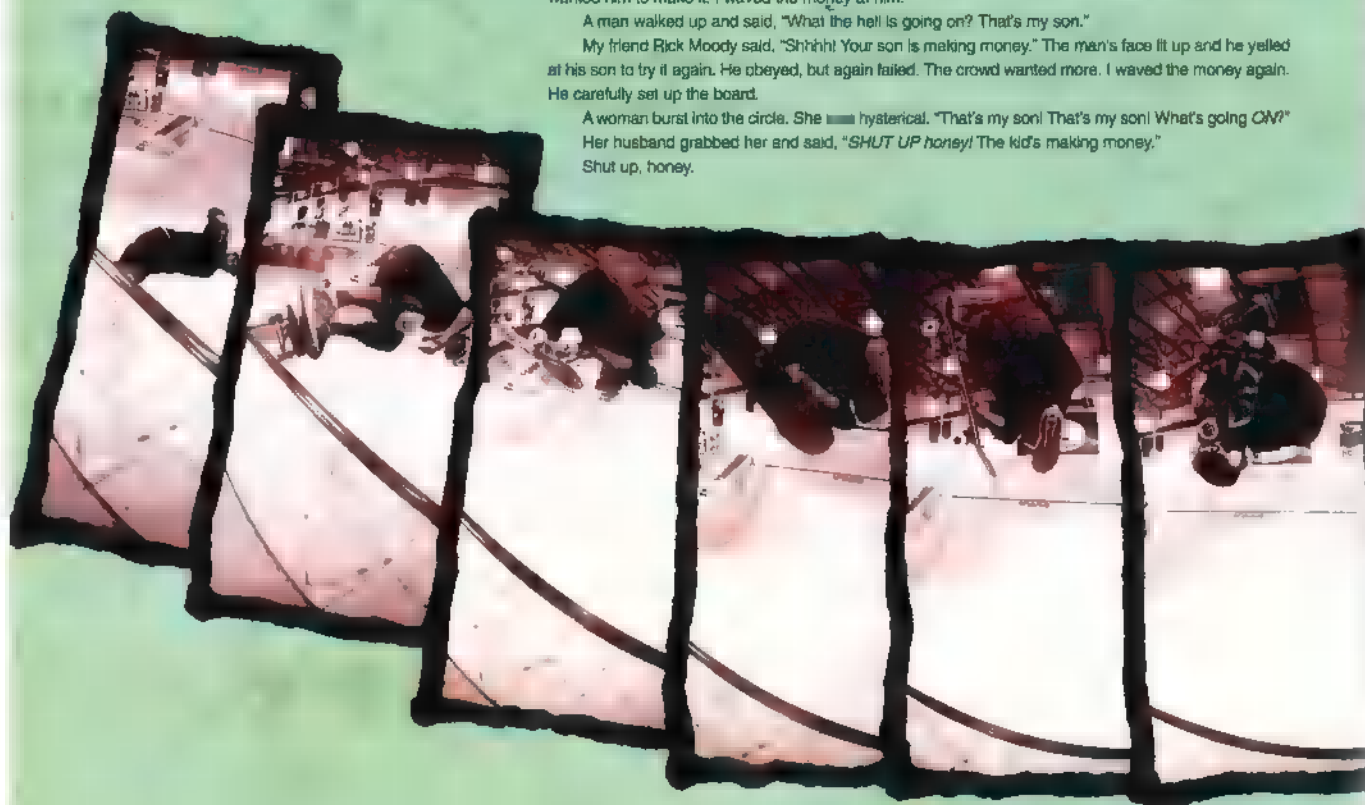
A man walked up and said, "What the hell is going on? That's my son."

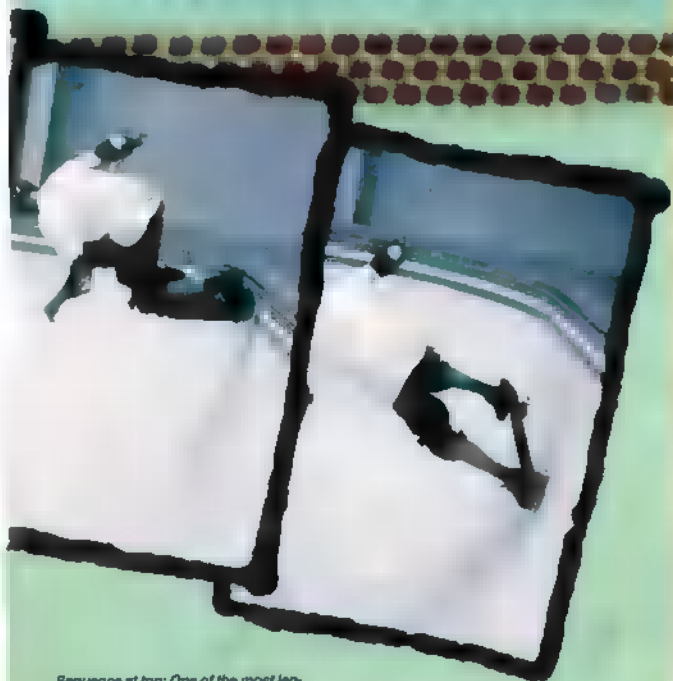
My friend Rick Moody said, "Shhh! Your son is making money." The man's face lit up and he yelled at his son to try it again. He obeyed, but again failed. The crowd wanted more. I waved the money again. He carefully set up the board.

A woman burst into the circle. She **■** hysterical. "That's my son! That's my son! What's going ON?"

Her husband grabbed her and said, "SHUT UP honey! The kid's making money."

Shut up, honey.





Sequence at top: One of the most legendary stunts of all time happened when Chris Miller locked up on a b/s air in Upland's combi-pool and sustained a massive concussion. This frightening image has merely haunted the minds of most since Upland's demise, but it has once again become a reality with Vans re-creation of the infamous pool. Tony Hawk earns his Bad Boy Club merit badge while displaying no fear during this b/s lipslide around the pool's square corner.

Sequence at bottom: You saw it in the Birdhouse video, now see it in the Brother: Buoky Laesk's gay twist kick-flip f/s grab.



SKATE PARK REVIEW

REPORTER: **Dave Carnie**

LOCATION: **Orange, California**

TYPE:	CONCRETE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	WOOD <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	METAL <input type="checkbox"/>	ASPHALT <input type="checkbox"/>								
TERRAIN:	BOWLS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	SNAKE BOWL <input type="checkbox"/>	VENT HAMP <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	MINI-RAMP <input type="checkbox"/>								
	1 2 3 4 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	1 2 3 4 5	1 2 3 4 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	1 2 3 4 5								
	SPINER <input type="checkbox"/>	WPS <input type="checkbox"/>	STREET <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	BLOCKS <input type="checkbox"/>								
	1 2 3 4 5	1 2 3 4 5	1 2 3 4 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	1 2 3 4 5								
"Rated on a scale of one to five; one being shit, five being sweet."												
STRUCTURE:	INDOOR <input type="checkbox"/>	OUTDOOR <input type="checkbox"/>	INDOOR/OUTDOOR <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>									
COST:	FREE <input type="checkbox"/>	MEMBERSHIP <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> \$ 50/yr.	FLAT FEE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> \$ 500									
SAFETY REQUIREMENTS:	NONE <input type="checkbox"/>	HELMET <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	KNEE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	ELBOW <input type="checkbox"/> WRIST <input type="checkbox"/>								
CHICKS:	AGES 1-12 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	AGES 13-14 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	AGES 15-17 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	AGES 18+ <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>								
PROX. TO FOOD/DRINK:	A STONE'S THROW <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	1-2 MILES <input type="checkbox"/>	3-4 MILES <input type="checkbox"/>									
	5+ MILES <input type="checkbox"/>	INFORMATION NOT AVAILABLE <input type="checkbox"/>										
DIRECTIONS:	Take either the 11 or the 22 and exit at "City Drive." Look for the mall called "The Block" at 20 City Blvd. If you are retarded, call (714) 555-1234.											
SPECIAL NOTES:	I was in line with Salma and I saw him and I saw pool and I sold. "It's not as good as the original." This comes from a man who does push-ups and he says, "I will probably never see another one, EVER."											
OVERALL RATING:	BAD	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 10	GOOD



The cow says, "Moo, moo!" The ducky goes, "Quack, quack!" The fat, Mexican whore screams, "Una vez mas! Una vez mas!" Mike Maldonado's b/s grab goes, "Tweak, tweak!"

goddamn ams



forrest kirby

Interview and photos by nimlry elyashkevich

So did you get a lot of flack after *Forrest Gump* came out?

'eah, I did. Did everyone you to run, Forrest?

Yeah, they still do, actually.

Were you bummed when it

came out, you knew what coming?

Pretty much. So it was kind of lame actually.

So where are you from?

I'm from San Antonio.

What's that about?

Well, it's all right. I have a lot of friends that live there, and my family's there too. It's cool. I just skate there, and then travel. I went to Italy with Jeff Taylor, Ed Sealego and Rick Jaramillo, and it's cool. And I've been to New York and Boston, San Francisco and L.A., and a lot of different places. Alaska too.

Do you eat any baby seals?

No, I ate moose though.

Was it good?

Not really.

It was tough, huh?

Yeah. That's before. I don't eat meat anymore.

What made you make that decision?

I think it's important not to eat things that are similar to human beings.

So don't eat people monkeys?

Yeah.

Do you eat a lot of pickles?

Yeah, sometimes.

What's the Kirby and a

Well, let me think—a dill has longer hair.

Dill's pro.

Yeah, Dill's pro. I'm just am.

How old are you?

Top secret.

What? Too old?

Yeah.

You're like an aged Kirby.

Yeah.

When is the Kirby pro model coming out?

Probably not till the year 2000.

Aren't you gonna be dead by then?

Probably.

Do you think about that?

What do I think about Y2K? Well, I was just looking on the Internet...

Should everyone just blow their money now, 'cause you not gonna be there in the year 2000?

Everyone that has money in the bank, take it out. Pretty much all the money that people have in the banks, the banks don't really have that money, you know? The government's printing more money, they can give out everyone's money, they need to take it out. And if they press all that money, then that's gonna make the value of the dollar even lower than it already is. That's not gonna be good. So, I think that bad things gonna happen.

People are gonna still killing each other?

Probably.

What you gonna do?

I'm gonna bail.

Where are you gonna go?

To Alaska.

But isn't that the U.S.?

Yeah, but you get away there, because like unknown territory.

Have you ever heard about Foreaga?

Foreaga? No.

Fore on run eatin'.

What, do you eat a lot?

Yup, I'm trying to. And I'm 21, by the way.

That's all right. I ain't mad a ya.

Are you guarding this?

What are your favorite kind of girls?

I like just cool girls. I like part white and part.

They're hard to find.

I know.

But there are more and more each day.

Yeah.

So there will be no races. all gonna be mixed up. But year will kill everyone anyway, we'll get far, right?

Pretty much.

right. I think have enough.

Don't you need my sponsors and that stuff?

I don't know. you need your sponsors?

Yeah, I need Rhythm, Shorty's, Axlon, and Tornado and Alphanumeric.





(Q) How did you get into skateboarding?
 (A) I started in the 1980s, when it was
 (Q) What's the best thing about skateboarding?
 (A) The freedom to go anywhere and do
 (Q) How would you describe your style?
 (A) I'd say it's a mix of street and park. I like to
 (Q) What's the most challenging part of skateboarding?
 (A) Staying consistent and pushing yourself to the next level.

(Q) What's the most memorable moment in your career?
 (A) Winning the first prize at the local skateboarding competition.



danny garcia

goddamn ams

interview by pat [redacted] photos by [redacted]

State your name, your age.

I'm Danny Garcia. I'm 19. And I'm from Brea, California, in Orange County.

So how long have you been skating?

Almost four years.

And who do you skate for?

All City skateboards and Liberty board shop. And I think Gideon's gonna hook me up with shoes, as far as shoes.

I thought All City was in court that rap group?

No, they get it keep it now. Kareem [Campbell] went to court and did all that stuff. It's all cool now.

Are you in an All City of mind?

Most definitely.

How would you describe the All City of mind?

Just, um—that's a good one. Just skate every day and produce. Just progressing for yourself, you know?

How did you end up getting on?

I guess Kareem and Rodney [Mullen] were sitting in a day and they said the next person to walk in, and I was in. I was lucky. No, seri-

ously, I just gave them my footage. I was on Shaolin for two months, but that didn't work out.

What happened Shaolin?

I don't know. All that business shit.

Okay, here's a situation for you. Say Fabian Joey put you wheel with the car running, a front a convenience store.

Yeah. What would you do? I'd take off.

You'd 'em?

Were they robbing the store?

I don't know, man. That's you.

That's conjecture. I'm just saying they leave you the car running, the wheel.

What kind of car is it? A Lexus?

Say it was Joey's car, man.

Joey's is kind nice, so I'd probably take it. I don't know, maybe I'd go cruise around, and come back five minutes later and pick 'em up.

Say there's a cop car waiting out front.

I'd just go in there, what's going on. Pretend I don't know 'em.

Where do you usually around Orange County?

Just around my house. Like the basketball courts. That's about it.

You that spot in Fullerton?

Fullerton? That's in Brea, but everyone thinks it's Fullerton. Fullerton's stealing

the credit.

Have you been with another boy?

Not knowingly.

You you might have been unknowingly?

No, not all.

So how would you describe your skating? Tech?

Yeah, mostly tech. I'm too of anything else that's too crazy.

But don't you gotta take it up to the next level, eventually?

Yeah. I'll worry about that when I'm pro, though, I guess.

Is All City working any videos anything?

Yup. We're gonna it, hopefully pretty soon. I've got like another month film.

For an All City video?

Yup. This it's for real, though.

Damn, four years in coming. That's happens when you put Kareem on team, man. He's a producer.

He takes over. Caine's on, too. I haven't met him yet, but I'm hyped. I'm going to Hawaii this weekend.

Wait, you're taking of those team vacations you to Rocco's house on Lanai?

Yeah, get to go out there. So I'm gonna meet all the guys—All City and Axion. It's gonna crazy. It's gonna fun.






Photo: Jeff has another bubble boy. The name of this section should be changed to "Goddamn Bubble Boy" because he's breathing all the germs and shit, Danny, pop! kick-flip over a trash can.

name makes me think of the front man of that legendary hippy band, The Grateful Dead. I'm glad that old, stringy shit drug addict is dead. hole. Every lining has a touch of grey? Danny, I'm really sorry your caption had to be polluted with all this hippy trash. It can you're kick-flipping. Just remember, no good skater ever listened to the Dead, Nollie noselide.

BURN, TOKYO!



Words and photos by Sean Cliver

■ safe to ■ that ■ since ■ year ■ 1945, ■ ■ United States of America dropped a few ■ Its first atom-
ic children ■ Hiroshima and Nagasaki, ■ ■ willy Japanese faced a single ■ from ■ ■ World. ■
■ all changed the day of ■ ■ 9, 1945, ■ ■ Jeremy Klein, Heath ■ ■ Willy ■ charged upon
■ shores for ■ special engagement to premiere ■ ■ video, ■ End.

I suppose you would have to be a downright fool not to leap at the chance for ■ ■ expenses-paid trip to Japan, right? Well, call it preservation instinct, but I honestly had ■ think twice when Klein called up and asked if I would be interested in accom-
panying the three of them to the Land of the Rising Sun. I had already completed one
tour of duty with ■ ■ pyromaniacs in '97—barely escaping with my skin uncharred—

■ why in hell would I subject myself to their incendiary whims once
again? In ■ feeble defense for my life, I brought up the ■ of my
inability to shoot ■ competent skate photo; but this didn't deter
Klein in the least. He assured ■ there would ■ minimal ■ any)
skateboarding on ■ trip and that my sole purpose was to docu-
ment them being "crazy." Great. Normally I'm not ■
gambling man. But thanks ■ ■ masochistic
tendencies rooted deep within my psyche, I
placed the entire future of my skin ■ red—
first-degree burns ■ ■ worst—and allowed
myself to be booked on a flight to Tokyo.

Now aside from ■ queer appetite for
endangered species and foreign economic
markets, the Japanese ■ known to ■ a
relatively gentle and peaceful culture
with a long, rich history based on
codes of tradition and honor. So,
given the recent Birdhouse video,
this should have been the very
last place on Earth ■ import the
unique talents ■ Messrs. Klein
and Kirchart. Unfortunately, the
representatives of Hasco Distribution
(the company responsible for arranging
the premieres ■ Osaka and Tokyo) had
yet to see *The End*, but they would soon
be wishing they had.

Due to scheduling complications with the magazine, I was unable to depart the
States until after the first premiere ■ Osaka: ■ ■ It was arranged that I would meet
up ■ ■ Birdhouse team ■ Tokyo for the second. While en route ■ ■ Bering
■ ■ I surmised that the best-case scenario would be for ■ ■ to arrive in Japan and
find that Jeremy, Heath ■ ■ Willy had already been shipped back to the States, leav-
■ me with ■ gloriously incombustible five-day vacation. I even envisioned our two
planes crossing in the night. Unsurprisingly, my fantasy wasn't too far out, because
Jeremy and Heath ■ ■ already succeeded in being kicked out of their own premiere
in Osaka for setting themselves on fire in the club. Afterward, the Hasco staff all sat
down to discuss whether ■ not to rid themselves of these jerks at once. But, just
my luck, they decided to stick it out in the ■ ■.

When I finally arrived in Tokyo, there ■ ■ hide nor hair of American descent to
be found, so I smiled and merrily succumbed to my jet lag by slipping into bed. Two
hours later, though, I was aroused by a god-awful caterwauling outside my room.
Opening ■ door, I was confronted by my worst nightmare: Jeremy and Heath with
Big lighters in hand, scorched garments ■ body ■ several Asahis in stomach.
They ■ ■ very excited to see me; ■ ■ If they ■ ■ puppies, they probably would
have peed themselves. Instead, Heath began jumping up and down on my bed until
he kicked a framed picture and tore a large gash in the wall. Much like a dust cloud
follows Piggan around in ■ Peanuts comic strip, destruction has ■ magical way
of gravitating toward Heath like he's the magnetic north pole.

Downstairs in ■ hotel lobby I encountered Willy, who appeared to be com-
pletely unfazed by the obnoxious antics of his two teammates. I could tell, however,
that his face bore the infamous "40-mile stare," a vacant, distant expression acquired
by many a youth during their years of military service in the Vietnam War. I was also
introduced to Masa, the Osaka representative of Hasco, who had been sent along
with the ■ ■ to Tokyo as their caretaker. The poor little guy looked completely shell-
shocked, like he had just crawled out of a foxhole; and his sweatshirt ■ ■ seared in
several patches with the word "fuck" prominently scrawled across its front—the tall-
tale signs of ■ encounter with ■ ■ and Kirchart. Every time Heath would pass
within five feet of his person, Masa would flinch ■ expectation of getting bit (yes, bit)
or lit ■ fire.



見聞!

With **our** days in Japan already **under** their belts, Heath and Jeremy had acquired a broken vocabulary of monosyllabic words. Intermittently, they would **say**, "Fire!" (see figure 1) and "Taxicab!" (see figure 2), most of which made little sense to **us** until we **let** loose on the **streets** that night. Our guide, Nishi, was **versed** in **the** entertainment of American pros (he's **been** Tokyo's "hospitality host" **during** the heyday of Christian Hosoi **and** **the** Alva posse), but he was **completely** unaccustomed to dealing with **the** peculiar likes of Jeremy and Heath. The **first** **time** he attempted **to** take us **to** a bar in the Roppongi District, **a** notorious watering hole for tourists that **is** exceptionally popular amongst American skaters, **but** it completely bummed out Jeremy. He only had visions **of** Japanese schoolgirls dancing **in** his head—not American **girls** in suits. In response **to** Nishi's choice, Jeremy whipped **out** his Bic lighter, set his sweatshirt ablaze and hopped **on** top of the bar to swing from the ceiling fixtures (see figure 3). Needless to say, we were immediately turned out into the streets, albeit very politely. Apparently there is something special about a person who willingly sets himself **on** fire **and** manages to quell the savage beast **in** the **process**.

Eventually, Nishi gave up on trying to please **the** combustible duo and simply **let** them entertain themselves by lighting each other **on** **fire**, running over taxicabs **and** yelling the only American word the Japanese understand, "Fuck", **in** full bloodcurdling volume. Typically, these outbursts **are** directed at innocent passersby, usually **of** the middle-aged businessman/businesswoman variety. This type **of** behavior became the norm **over** **the** next several days, and the funny thing **was**, following every chaotic episode, Jeremy would lament, "I don't get it—every **time** **we** get around girls they leave."

As for the "grand" premiere **in** Tokyo, all I have to say is this: **The** Japanese may be world renowned for their efficiency **and** **their** can't promote for shit. Each **night** the Hasco **team** would sit down and smoke an entire pack **of** cigarettes while devising The Schedule, **a** ruthless document that would dictate our every waking moment the next day. Once finalized, The Schedule became the Gospel of St. Hasco for the day, and they would adhere to it like glue no matter what **cost** in time or brain cells. Be it twiddling thumbs as spectators at **a** contest featuring **a** bunch of flailing Japanese shop-sponsored **teams** or wasting an entire afternoon **with** fashion photographers who shot sequences of Willy doing b/s 50-50s **and** **a** really, really small lodge, there was absolutely no relief from the clutches of The Schedule.

Ultimately, I think they became **so** fervent in their adherence to The Schedule that they entirely forgot to promote **the** damn video premiere. Seriously, it wasn't until one or two days before **the** screening that a couple of black-and-white flyers were finally tacked up in their retail outlets. Consequently, no more than **a** few people were present for the premiere (that's weird—Tokyo has a population base of 12 million people), which mostly consisted of the shop employees and their close friends—none of whom, I believe, understood a single trick. Occasionally, **a** guy would announce **the** name of a specific trick over the PA, upon which **we** (and only this time) would the "crowd" clap. I don't know about **the** others, but I found this to be kind of deflating, and I wasn't even the **one** whose company had just dropped **over** \$200,000 in production costs.

Once upon a time I **used** to have little to no mercy for pros who would whine about having **to** travel to all the corners of the world; but after being a participant **in** **a** few of these jaunts, I completely understand where these grievances stem from. Basically, it's just like being sold into white slavery. Prior to **the** trips, the foreign distributors seem very polite over the phone, promising **a** light demo and shop appearance schedule; but once they have you in their smarmy grip it's an entirely different story. Suddenly you **are** whisked into **a** completely foreign world, crammed into cars driven by directionless maniacs, transported for hours **to** godforsaken skate spots, expected to perform Xtreme acts at the drop of **a** Xtreme hat, starved to the brink of Xtreme insanity, and, finally, waylaid by the dim-witted distributor **with** sign boards **and** **a** sickers as you **struggle** to get to the airport, or worse, **the** hospital. You are left with absolutely **no** cultural stimuli gained from **the** precious foreign experience—aside from the fleeting **blurs** provided by the freeway system, that is.

There is, however, one very good **reason** why **the** American pros will undergo this suffering for **a** coveted trip **to** Japan: Akihabara. Otherwise dubbed **as** "Electric Town," this district of Tokyo spans only a few city blocks but it is jam-fucking-packed with floors and floors of the latest and greatest of electronics and video games **and** **is** released from the technological titans of the Far East. It's glorious. Between the three Birdhousesians, **a** **few** of seven Game Boys were purchased on the trip, including multiple copies of **the** new color Game Boy and the Japanese exclusive, Light Boy. Although I **did** not buy one of these gadgets, I am eternally indebted to **the** **electronic** pacifiers because they served to extinguish the flames of Jeremy and Heath for the remainder of the trip. Argato, Nintendo.

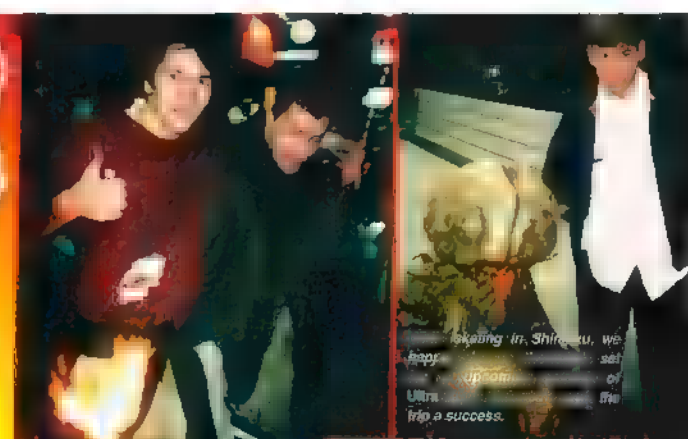


Figure 1: "Fire" performed by Heath.



Figure 2: "Taxicab" performed by Jeremy.



PHOTO: PAUL LUNA

★ JONAS WRAY

AMBIGUOUS



Video Reviews

by Pat Carroll

Think

Even if I did want to criticize this video, how could I? It would be breaking decorum. Plus, I really like the video. The spirit lives ■ as Pat Duffy rips ■ few clips; Wade Speyer, Tim McKenney and (especially) Dan Drehoobi destroy any type of obstacle they can put in their way; and Jesse Peaz shines. So far, ■ good. Then it only gets better with the ■ of the video, Diego "The Butcher" Bucchieri and Pancho Moler. Diego shows us why foreigners come over and spank lazy American skaters, with ■ kick-flip backside tailslide down Hubba, among other wonders, and the absence of any fear of heights or anything else. And Pancho just rips. I love watching Pancho skate. It's fuckin' amazing to see this little guy flip and fly and glide along. I just love Pancho. I don't know how else to say it.



One Small Step

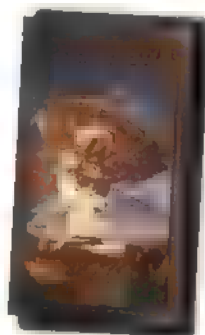
TBKD

Too many good skaters out there right now. Too many rippers in and around L.A. Skating is progressing, getting harder. I don't know what it is, but everybody seems to be ripping right now, and this video is further evidence. Though it's often shot in "LO-8" with no regard for the exposure button, this video comes through with a ton of sick footage. It's worth seeing for James Craig, Danny Garcia, Rob Gonzales, Danny Montoya, Rich Colwell, Gary Smith and Tom Krauser; for Eric Koston's genius; for ■ few gems from Guy Mariano; and ■ scrap of unseen Tom Penny footage. I am impressed. Everyone in the video comes through. It's really all good, but why should anyone watch another crooked grind in a line? Everyone ■ do it, ■ why does anyone need to ■ another one?



Transworld

Transworld. Its name pretends they cover the world. I don't know about that. Frankly, I find ■ a little pretentious. (*Thrasher* ■ for thrashers; that's honest.) Its consistently good skate coverage ■ probably the envy of every other skate mag, but look at the competition. Ahem. Then again, that guy Atiba Jefferson does take ■ beautiful flicks. Maybe they should be proud. But ever try reading it? Don't start. Just look at the pretty pictures. What does any of this really have to do with *Transmission*? *Transworld* is sending its transmission. Looking back on what I just wrote, I can make some very, very thin and rather incoherent argument along the lines that although the skating in the video is no less than top-notch, they had ■ stupid communications-satellite-dish context going ■. Why go out in the desert and film a big dish for days? I'm curious. What's the fuckin' point? It's no fun to gawk at, certainly. Are they symbolically trying to "send the message" of skateboarding? Maybe I don't get it. It's still better than ■ that computer bullshit in *Interface*; but until you can show me that you're going to do something pretty damn cool, just give me that fine skateboarding that you do so well. By the way, overall it is ■ excellent video.



I am a dumb skateboarder.



Really? Then you will like this CD that I am selling.



I like music with lots of scratching and mixing and stuff.



Really? Then you will like this CD that I am selling.



I killed that little girl in the casino and f*cked her in the anus hole.



Really? Then you will like this CD that I am selling.



**everybody loves
***PLAYER 1 PRESS START**

**The Infamous Breakbeat Mix by B-Side
IN STORES NOW!**



AMBIGUOUS

[illegible]

cd reviews

Soilent Green Secrets Relapse Records

Sean and Dave sure know what kind of CDs to send me to bring a smile to my face. I did take a few years of getting crap, but you know what they say: Good things come to those who wait. Soilent Green is another band from Louisiana that rocks. I don't know what it is about Louisiana that breeds metal (e.g., Eyehategod, Down and Pantera), but I will have to say that I am a fan. The music is loud, fast and powerful—three great attributes for any successful metal band. I bet it's all the coffee with chicory that they drink down there. That stuff goes straight to your head. And when you combine that with hush puppies, weird things happen. —Chris Reed



The Exploding Crustaceans in the Tub Conspiratorial Music Records

Santa Cruz has bred some great bands in the past, possibly due to the many creative people who flock to the small coastal community and the liberal college within its city limits. So the shadows of these bands weighing heavy on their backs, The Exploding Crustaceans had to come up with that little something extra to make their sound shine bright in the land of mediocrity. To do so, they have come up with some of the greatest song titles ever: "Mama's Strap-on Dildo," "Porn Run" and (the best song of all time) "Hobbit Pussy." I'm still amazed every time I think about Hobbit Pussy, and I know J.R.R. Tolkien would appreciate his story being vaulted to the pop level. The combination of female genitalia and small earthy creatures of the dark forests of the north provides me with imagery of pure joy and makes me giggle like a little schoolgirl. "Hobbit Pussy" is that rare vision all science-fiction nerds dream about: they are carefully caressing their penises as the full moon rises through their open window. I thank The Exploding Crustaceans for making this dream come true for all of us. —Chris Reed



Ruth Ruth Are You My Friend? RCA

Dear Jesus,

My Mommy named me Ruth Ruth by accident, 'cause she stutters funny and that's how she told the nurse my name at the hospital when I was born. And I love boy too! All the kids at school love me and rub dirt in my eyes at recess. The dirt isn't bad, sometimes they throw marbles in me, and pieces of Legos and crayon bits. I eat the crayon pieces—yummy-nummy—but the marbles don't taste so good when they hit my face. I got big black marks that sting like bumblebees. They want to play a game called "Hide the Sausage," but that doesn't sound like a lot of fun. Anyway, my mommy cooks good sausage at home so why would they want to hide a sausage when you can eat it? Daddy says you have a big woolly face and big nails in your hands and feet. That probably hurts like the marbles. He also says that when I grow up I will sing like a girl and play lots of stupid effects pedals on my guitar to cover up the fact that I am a shitty songwriter. Well, I hope your hands and feet get better and someone takes those nails out, because it's not nice that people do things like that. Jesus, are you my friend?

—Talentless and cheesy on RCA

Dear Talentless,

No, I am very definitely not your friend. Yes, I do have a beard, and look much like Ted Nugent. And when the Romans came to take me away, I had that crazed look in my eyes that the Nuge had on the cover of *Intensity in Ten Cities*. Not one of his best albums, but it's still the Nuge. Truth is, your father is right: You will grow up and play in a boring, slucky band, and you may make a few dollars and get to kiss a few Euro-tag boys at clubs. But you will always be a puss, and I will always be Jesus. —Patrick Kennedy



Army of Darkness The Evil Landed

These guys have a gag with their CD. It comes with crayons. They said, "If nothing else, coloring will be good therapy for Carrie." There were only three crayons though. When I was little that would have been too many. I would only color with purple when I was little, except for the time I drew a big green dragon on my closet doors during nap time. Boy, did I get a spanking for that one. Now my tastes have changed, and if I'm going to draw, I need every crayon in the rainbow. It's funny how we become more complicated as we grow older. Ah life. I'm a trouper, so I tried to draw on their album cover the crayons I was instructed. The crayon didn't stick very well to the glossy cover, though, so it doesn't look very good. As you can see, I tried to draw a bunch of penises over it and changed their name to "Dick Cock Penises on Mars in January." I threw in the January because crappy bands have something mysterious in their name. —Dave Carrie



Swingers London Toe Rag Session Reptilian Records

Lots of action here, not sure about the swinging. The folks in this band are not the most attractive, but then, most swing clubs and swingers mags (not swing music, cool guy, but sex swingers) feature pretty ugly women with big breasts and waffle butts and balding, flabby men with ballgags in their mouths. So, perhaps action swinging is apt descriptions after all. This is raw, Johnny, raw and nasty. Sounds like Flag back round the *Damaged*. In other words, screeching feedback, growling vocals and a distorted guitar assault. Notice how every metal review always uses the phrase "guitar assault"? This isn't metal, but you get the point. Badass. When metal bands get reviewed, the accomplished journalist always makes a point of heaping ridiculous metal superlatives on the band: rippin', pulverizing, brain-shredding. How about "double-axe attack," remember that one? As if the bands were going to leap off the cover of the album in their makeup and leather trousers and personally stick you in the grinder. Lots of action, lots of swinging. This one's a keeper. —Patrick Kennedy



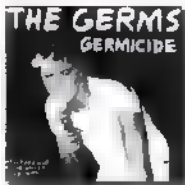
Hellcopters Supershitty Ruin

Ah, Sweden. Big-titted women with cocks in every hole; an ear-to-ear grin on every man's face. The Hellcopters hail from that great Viking land, and boy, do they pack a wallop with Thor's mighty hammer. I figured Swedes to be mild-mannered sex-crazed folk who come from the sea and denied rock 'n' roll proper place in the diet. Apparently, I couldn't have been more off-base. This album is a turbocharged rock fest, almost nothing that is out of the rock 'n' roll motherland (USA, Goddammit!) any longer. Even cooler fact: Someone from Entombed, the Swedish metal combo, serves time in this band, perhaps as part of a contract with Satan. "Son, as a servant of the dark lord, you must also play kickass rock 'n' roll, not just silly metal. This is what I require, and so it shall be done," the Devil said that unnamed member of Entombed and pushed him guitar-first onto the stage with the Hellcopters. Next time I see a platinum-topped, large-breasted Swede eating sausage in a video, I will turn this disc as a personal soundtrack. —Patrick Kennedy



Germes Germicide Bomp!

So I get to be the guy who tarnishes the Germes place in the punk rock trophy room. I don't like this damn thing, period. Blame Bomp! Records, not me. If a review ruffles your safety pins and pokes holes in your glue-huffing bag, then write them a letter, you little punk. Sure, the Germes, losers and fruitcakes that they were, may have written some good shit. And when Time Life does the "Great Moments in Punk Rock" series, they may even get their own book; but this CD sucks. It's a live recording of their first gig in 1977. Bomp! will assuredly make some cash on this one, and all the record collector dorks will smile and cream. While Bomp! is at it, here's more ideas I came up with: A double-CD set of the Germes' first practice, including actual sounds of them pissing and farting; CD-ROMs of the Germes' baby pictures, a veritable online photo album; and live videos of them eating pre-gig meals at McDonald's and throwing up from dope sickness in the morning. —Patrick Kennedy



Devil war gods, sailor-capped elder statesmen from Valhalla, heirs to Kubrick's twisted urban apocalypses, rouged and mascara'd viking marauders, midnight turd burglars. True pillars of Norwegian masculinity and rock 'n' roll. The men of Turbonegro mean business—hard-hitting, ass-slapping business—and they wash up on our shores this spring with Thor as their guiding light. You will never look at jeans the same way again.

I'm confused, is a turbonegro a fast-talking black guy or a toy a lady might use on a lonely

Happy Tom: It's actually a rapper in a lease care going downhill. Apocalypse Dudes is a hell of an album, care to comment on the title?

Apocalypse Dudes is about jacking off despite a massive amount of... people. Were your parents Vikings, by any

My mother is... In Old Norwegian, which... always talking... my brother and me Viking stories, and how he... Christianity... culture. He was... woodcarver... wood-stuffing... with myological

Did you skateboard as a young lad, or was it all just blowing those long horn things off the side of a mountain for the Ricola Company?

Yeah, I've been around! I used to... Adria ass on a regular basis... more or less... away in the... to call him Nazi P... skate camp in Sweden he used to wake every

relics... Norwegian rock... story something fasty

The story of Turbonegro is basically the story of Scandinavian rock... there's too... stories to tell. Too many broken dreams,... stories, ridiculous preg-

... smelly old doctors with brand-new... books, mothers clenching their hankies as the... leaves the dock, murder... the subway after the show.

... players... pants... suicide, middle-class ejaculations on home videos, etc. ... is a very magical fabric, explain what makes denim so sexually charged.

Denim is dangerous, it's pure dynamite... would... it. Rob Hallford must surely be a... of Turbonegro, does he ever send you his soiled panties?

That... Nambler. He told us to write songs for him! We'll see about that, indeed. I want to arm-wrestle you. I think I would win, what do you think?

You think... in a mountain... older than almost everybody else... were... hard in these... across the table while... locked... than... probably... me...

you... know... rolling... around... and it develops...

I'm not sure about the last part. What did you have for breakfast today?

Slices of bread with brown goat... some weird... ular white cheese and tuna.

Speaking of slices of cheese, is Ronnie James... an elf endowed with... powers?

... ically challenged... tal... facial characteristics, kind of like a short, longhaired version of Lance Mountain. Is that g... found? What about Neil Glender? He s... time in Oslo years ago, a great

... king of Dio, I saw Black Sabbath... Ian Gillan when I was a little kid, and they... had a Stonehenge scenario going... have been... more

before Spiral Tap came out 'Go great thing was that G... changed pants during a guitar solo. Virginia Beach is Oslo's sister city... you get feary-eyed and sentimental when you were there?

That was we... these old back... they... very bad, they have do... down there! Tell me about the best fight Turbonegro has been in while on U.S.

... several... back... one... sickness... main...

Where does Turbonegro... a... 1995... USA... think on Mar...



TURBONEGRO

Interview by Patrick Kennedy
photo by Bjørn Opsahl

LETHAL



AARON YEAGER
WOLLIE HEEL FLIP S.F.

**BIG
BEAR**



Kiss The Sky



Major Snow. Minor Dough.

Come To Papa.
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Mike Daily

Published by Bend Press

Practically every-
one between the ages of
18 and 35 has a story
to tell. Few, however, have
the unique ability to
pluck out the more
absurd moments as
their world turns to cre-
ate an eternal home for
itself. With his first novel,
Mike Daily proves that
he does indeed have an
eye for these valuable
snippets. But what
exactly makes his story
different from anyone
else with this talent? I
mean, why should you
even care about his silly
life in the San

valley.



Fernando Valley, Southern California; especially since the only
noteworthy achievement the Valley has produced is the
porn industry. Well, I'll simply forego the literary critique and tell
you this: If you have been an avid reader of Big Brother since
day one, then you will definitely want to pick this book up,
because it contains two chapters about very near and
dear to your heart. And that someone is Earl Parker.

Despite Mike's claim that *Valley* is entirely fictional work,
I can assure you that it is not. You see, I am a charter member
of the "Third-Rate Artist's Colony" to which a brief segment of the
book refers, and having lived through the rise and fall of Earl, I'm
well-versed in the time period documented by Mike in the fifth
chapter of *Valley* entitled, "Writers' Workshop." Seeing this
account in print brought a sentimental smile to my face. I must
say, because it reminded me of the time Earl ran away from his
home beneath the bench at World Industries to reside with Mike
in Northridge, a small community that occupies a smidgen of the
crummy urban landscape beneath the polluted airspace of
Valley. His father had just been broken by Tracie, a wonderfully
brash salesgirl at World and the "flaxen punk" to whom some of
Earl's reprinted "poetry" revolves. Here's an example:

It was a cool summer.
The summer of '94.
It was the one I liked most.
Because I met a girl,
and she slept with me.
Now I like her a lot.
But she not me.

So, in order to avoid his obsession with her, he joined Mike
in a goofy little thing they called the "Writers' Workshop." Eventually,
Earl drove Mike crazy. We already knew this would be
the case. Recently, Earl checked himself into a mental health
clinic in Los Angeles. They diagnosed him as being kind of crazy.
We already knew this too.

I actually in the same room the evening Earl lost his vir-
ginity to Tracie in that fateful summer of '94. (Thankfully, I
passed out a safe distance away.) The next morning, when Marc
McKee arrived at World, he couldn't help but notice that Earl had
long, red, freshly made scratches etched into his back. This just
happened to Tracie's trademark, but Marc was clue-
less to the previous night's escapade. So he innocently asked
him what the scratches happened to his back. Earl replied that he
been sleeping outdoors in the Segundo public park and
attacked by a wild raccoon. Marc actually believed him, which still
surprises me to this very day. —Sean Oliver

For information on how to purchase copies of this book, contact:
Bend Press, 3017 Kashiwa St., Torrance, CA 90505; or pretend you are
Spiderman and web-sling onto www.bendpress.com.

Since being diagnosed as slightly "off-kilter," Earl was prescribed with some medication that is
generally dispensed to those with a schizophrenic disorder. Apparently, the treatment is work-
ing and he isn't as down in the dumps as he used to be. Plus, he's attempting to rediscover his
roots in skateboarding. Provided below is a measure of where he's currently at.

Death on a Stick

by Earl Parker

Skateboarding is a ridiculous. The level of danger that it embodies is incredible.
You wouldn't know either, unless you were one of the psychotics that try it. And I would hope that
the majority of its disciples would be many boarders. I taken "off-guard." Opening their minds enough
to them to hurt themselves—thereby learning to relax. Let me explain myself further.
Skateboarding, especially on the street, is the most form of art or art-form I know. This we already
know. But what stressfulness that I mean. Impish concerns. Our level of the habit, how
difficult it is to try a trick, and to land it? Regardless of new tricks learned in first-time genius, I have this
out the fatal activity: Skateboarding is a never-ending process. You're never anywhere and you're
going down. I recently visited South Africa due to his profession. The AIDS capital of the
world. Above his region of demo. Real. Distances to go to demos; I don't
one to on the. They. The protective crush-zone that is a Volvo
drive. They. It like a regular. More. On wheels. And one thing
all that extra armor doesn't account for is the fun-having street-style skateboarder.

Over the last ten years. More than 80% of fatalities have occurred on the
cement, and not on the wood ramps. That is to say that the grit of the cement literally tears people a new
asshole. I've had it happen to me; on a five-day street vacation to the Big Apple I was befallen with a
bruised tailbone and I never fell down once. In older years I have taken to not falling when skating. I don't
want the bruises.

Skateboarding, the great. Does it have to. You may be interested
in photography. Journalists. Perhaps? But, what there really is that you crave is that mindless
energy used when you peruse around the block or down the half-pipe. In between the
brushstrokes of your so-called real art. Unless professional.

Speaking about the fatality of the "account," and of moment. Art from board. All too seri-
ous they can be and a danger. First! I'll be. To be sure
of this: that is why I must finish this article—to somehow imbue you with sense. If you dare realize the
stuff that I speak about. The beautiful. Sensational. The, impossible. Alone, only you can do it. A
nobody can spot or help you. Never skate. Jana. Claimed. Make the deck. "More
feet." This is just a mysterious lie covering up the truth.

The ability to sell his or her decks is one that an avid skateboarder should be consid-
ering. And maybe learning how to. Nobody ever taught Steve Rocco how to sign a check,
and look where he is now (and he's still. To be played with). Talking about women, a mental-
health clinic recently issued me a girlfriend and I couldn't. From blushing. Girls give me a pleasant
knot in my stomach, just. Write about it. I sit. Friend's wider chair while my butt bone heals. Gone
are the. Street and life-threatening travel.

I'll feel fit to say a few words to you now, I'll make sense of the issue. Skating, the purest
of. The most ridiculous and. A. It's just plain
all that macabre. Meanwhile I hear sweet noises of sex from an upstairs window. At
least, they are more direct, honest, and efficient. Their. Can't come from a mistake! And
the accountage. Eighty percent of all tricks aren't. This excites the ratio for professional
uses.

Movies have stopped being about skating. There are other. Infrequently felt and wild-
death code of the cinema across. In the case I mean, a knife to the heart.

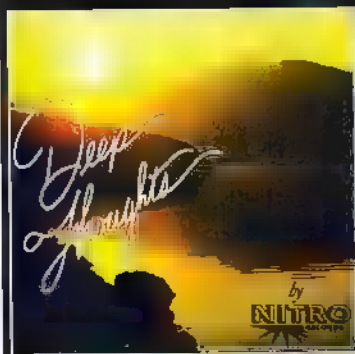
On board riding. Touring the world. Never being a satisfied master w. Sidewalk edge
grind. Or the near impossible, sidewalk edge chink-chink. High flying, a death wish. Ever been to a cir-
cus? Ever hear your mother tell. Leave the house? Ever have more excuses per year to go
outside? I know, to fulfill those tricky wishes on an inner mind. Added. Quer-
ered veneer.

Of you into quitting yet? When I saw the end of the Big Brother "Number Two"
video when Socrates Leal broke his arm, that's when it was over for me. I just said, "This isn't for me any-
more." But I will speak more on behalf of the optimists of the riding. You have been called "stick."
It takes a certain type, a. It's hard to explain what. More like a dream. It
comes and it goes so frequ. And trying to remember all the moments can only cloud up your
street PCM. Sex, just keep. And it's nearly the. So requires less thinking, but
even more brain stimulation.

You seek to. This is where skateboarding comes in. Only. As such as
photog. An even co. There is a certain satisfaction. With basically I
a master of the street. Title, "Heaven on a Stick," I will attempt to describe what it is. But
ate safe. And remember that trick exc. Essence a long-term commitment. Don't let
stardom. To your head. Try talking to regular people and reading when you're exhaus. Maybe
date a girl for a. Got until about age 32, trickwise. Also, the small. Are really the funnest;
don't be so concerned. Playing God. Street skating. Barely a spectator sport. Keep going over
small hill, on to the next spot. Don't stay anywhere too long, you could. At—life isn't bad
all, off the board.

And there's always skateboard factories to work in.

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underworld

interview by Jeff Tremaine

Are you guys a band or what?
Yeah, we're a band, very much. A real regular sort of band. We've been together for about 18 years. Our first band called Freur; we did two albums. And then we formed Underworld, named after a Clyde Barker that scored in 1984. In 1986, we formed the band Underworld.

Underworld? Are you into the Devil and all that?

No, not at all. It's just a tag.

Jesse from the Chemical Brothers you guys should change your name to Underpants because that's what you are. How do you respond to that?

Who said that?

Jesse. I think he's the bass player. I don't know anybody called Jesse. There's only two guys in the Chemical Brothers.

How would you respond to it?

That's only many derogatory that we call ourselves anyway.

What some others?

I can't think of any. Chemical Brothers wouldn't say that. They're mates. They might say it joke, but they certainly wouldn't mean it.

There's a skateboard company that used to be called Underworld Element, but then they dropped the Underworld part of it. Are you insulted by that?

That's a better. That's a really cool

Karma Tsocheff used to tease them about the and call it Underpants Elephant.

Sea, you can't take yourself seriously with a name like that.

Don't you think The Crystal Method stupid name?

I don't think any name that I ber is stupid name. They're just bad-gers, you know. Bands around for hours and hours trying to find a name, and it's just a waste of time. When name something, it's got to be named and done with. Quite a few tracks off the last album we named after greyhounds. We go to races the dog track. And you come back with these form books, and they got some really good names in them—"Born Slippy," "Sappys Curry," "Pearl's Girl." These are great.

And not only that, these great dogs and you win good money on them. So around thinking, *What are we going to call this one?* Oh, just phone a mate and say we need a name. Yeah, great, that will do.

You guys are from England. What's up with that?

Photo by Martin Schoon



England? What's happening in England? That's a weird expression. I have to say when people ask me, "What's up?" I go, "Nothing. I'm all right, I'm happy." The open-endedness gives me a headache sometimes.

about tea?

Tea is very important. We tend to drink too much tea. You know, there's more caffeine in tea than there is in coffee. It's something the British talk about when they go to America, "Oh, the tea, it's never the same, is it?" It's pathetic, isn't it?

you look up at Big Ben just to see what time it was?

Never. You know, never.

You English call french fries "chips." Is that because you hate the French, those pussies in Daft Punk?

Daft Punk will know a good joke when they it.

Viv Savage of Spinal Tap's motto: "Have a good time the time." What's yours?

That would be a really good, I think. Unless you got in a "wingy" mood.

A "wingy"?

There's a track on the new album called "Winger." A winger is body who like, "I don't like this, I don't like that." So unless I'm having wings, I have a good time all the time.

Would you give the Spice Girls a good knobbing?

So you reckon they're clean? I need know that. I don't think my girlfriend would be keen about that. I tell you what, I in St. couple years ago and bumped into Sporty Spice. She's a girl, and I think she's probably got the best voice too.

I just wanted to say "knobbing."

I never use that word, good lord!

The English folk to get pissed in the pub and then they to out and scrap. Could you kick Massive Attack's ass?

I sincerely doubt it. They would probably be chill they'd be on the floor before even got there. Those boys, they've developed some serious rain forest undergrowth in their time, and they are probably too chill to be asses.

You aren't the typical English guy?

No, I don't even drink anymore.

Hey, if English people call beers "pils," what you call "pils" then?

A rip-off.



about the band Prodigy, would you like to smack those bitches up?

These are some seriously boys.

I'm talking about the little punk guy.

The guy who does the costume changes? Coco Ronald.

Whatever.

I'm not getting in to any trouble with these people. These are my neighbors; they live just the road. I'm going to be at the supermarket day, and he's going to ride his bike all over me.

Electronica? What's up with that label?

It's fucked. Anybody who is really into making dance music is making a big detour around that one.

[Bracket]



Interview by Dave "SLB" Boyce

...night ... year, ... and ... in Vancouver
... come ... called the Starfish Room. It was
the ... lifestyle, ... the Boozer ... bottle-breaking,
... I found myself back at the Starfish
... 'n' roll ... Bracket. I ... a
drunk with excellent aim bounced a ... bottle ... Show
trip to the ... had changed.

What ... with Caroline ...
... a sea. We were on Caroline since '99.
... we ... much ...
... on Fat Wreck Chords ...
Carol ... that was kind of small ...
for ... they had in mind, so we were ...
Fat the whole time doing seven ...
inches. Our contract ...

... up. We had ...
... to make, so we ... the ...
whole thing ... at the ...
was ... of ... with their ...
... and bands. They were ...
up to make ... changeover to ...
... as soon ... and ...
fired all their rock bands ...
with ... anyway ... we got dropped. The ...
next day we called ... Mike, had lunch ...
and got signed. We were without ... home ...
for a day.

What's up with country ...
We just wanted to try it.
Was it fast or ... Clint Black

It was full-on country. He kind of said that no one ...
under 25 likes. We hired local rednecks to ...
sit in on the ... it ... out pre-

... We like it.
... it bother you ...
Caroline never got released?

We always wanted to put our best foot for-
ward, and sometimes it takes people who ...
aren't directly involved to steer you in the ...
direction. It ... probably for the ...
... wouldn't want to hurt Fat Mike's ...
sales. We kind of hope all our songs sur-

face, even if we release them on our own.
... and get-
ting dumped?

... boys, so there are a lot of ...
it. We try not to do it so much.

What did you ... to as kids?
Early on, KISS.

... going on. Then later ...
on I got into DC, Social D., NOFX, Joan ...
lot of Bracket. We ...

Didn't one of ... hang out ... Ron

... Whiskey. I just shook his ...
hand. I told him ...
he wrote me a big poem. It was great ...
and ... tell ...

There is this one band we went on tour ...
with. We went on ... them right ...
one ...
word to us on tour until the ... night. It was

Who?
... it was Everclear. I don't think they ...
remember who we are anyway, so who ...
cares.

Hey, you're pretty big. ... must work out ...
... we come here you ... stand ...
onstage ... our ... one would ...
throw anything at you.

(How do you strong-arm a musclehead who ...
forces you to print his music interviews? You ...
make him give you an embarrassing photo of ...
himself to run with it.)

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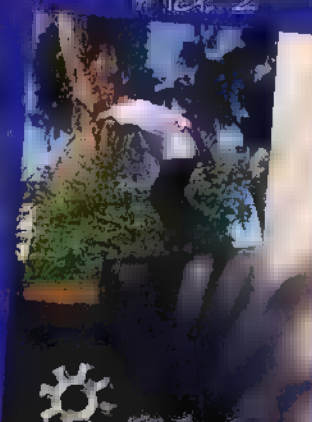
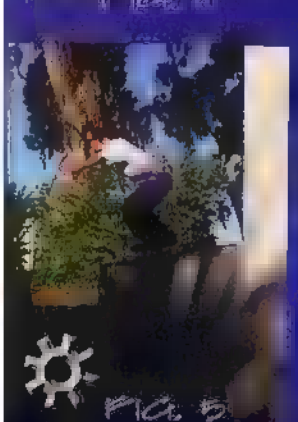


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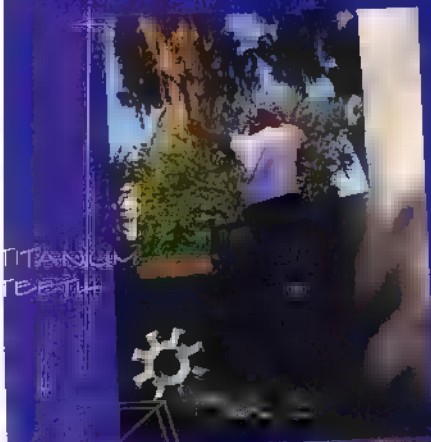


SWITCH BACKSIDE 50/50

SWITCH BACKSIDE 180 OUT

TRICK

TRICK



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PROGRESS
THROUGH
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SKATEBOARDS

A skateboarder wearing a black t-shirt, blue jeans, and a cap is captured mid-air, performing a trick on a concrete ledge. The skateboard is positioned horizontally in front of him. Behind the ledge is a large, leafy green tree. To the left of the tree is a light-colored concrete wall. The scene is set outdoors during the day, with a clear blue sky visible in the background. The overall image has a slightly grainy, vintage aesthetic.

danny butanda

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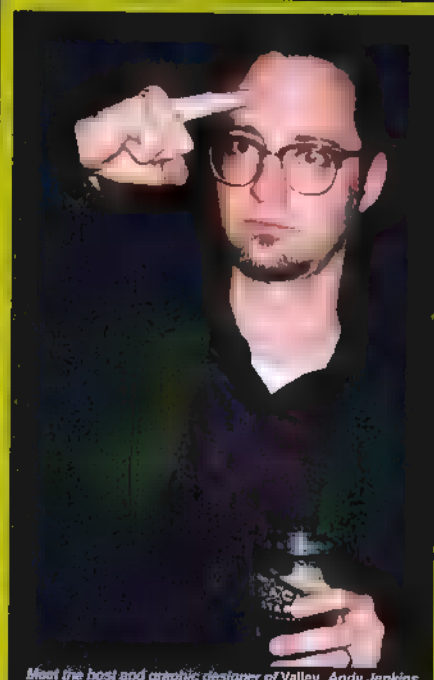
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photos by ballard



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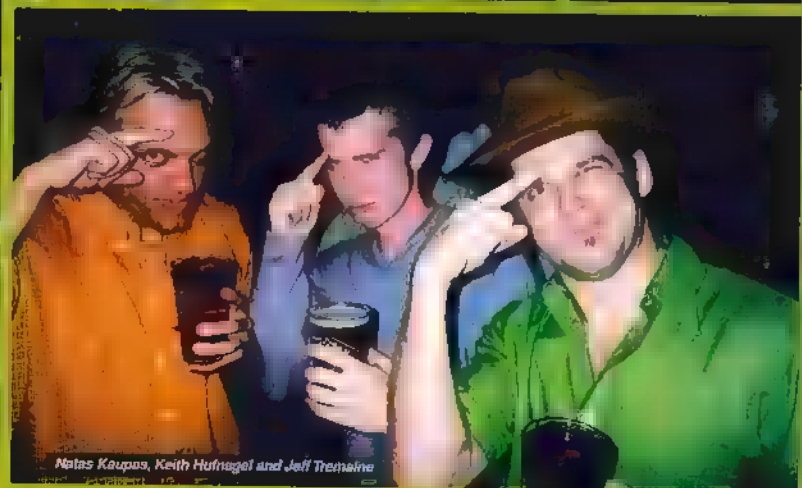
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Newlyweds Rudy and Pam Johnson



Lance Dawes, the editor of Slap



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TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE WORLD YOU'RE IN.
YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED BY WHAT YOU FIND WHEN YOU DO.



CHUPACABRA

In a parallel universe, wherever blood-sucking Puerto Rican Bats have come to earth where they have successfully mingled their DNA with that of vampires to create a new vampire-like species that thrives on goat blood. The "Chupacabra," which means "goat sucker" in Spanish, was first spotted in Puerto Rico in 1994, but has since migrated to many distant locations including South America and the U.S. Food scientists estimate the Chupacabra appears to be gray and green, with wings and a large lizard-like tongue, and is bipedal. The Chupacabra has attacked a wide variety of animals including dogs and sheep, scores of which have been discovered with their blood completely drained and their organs removed, all through two small puncture wounds in the neck.



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Some people just see trains and streets.

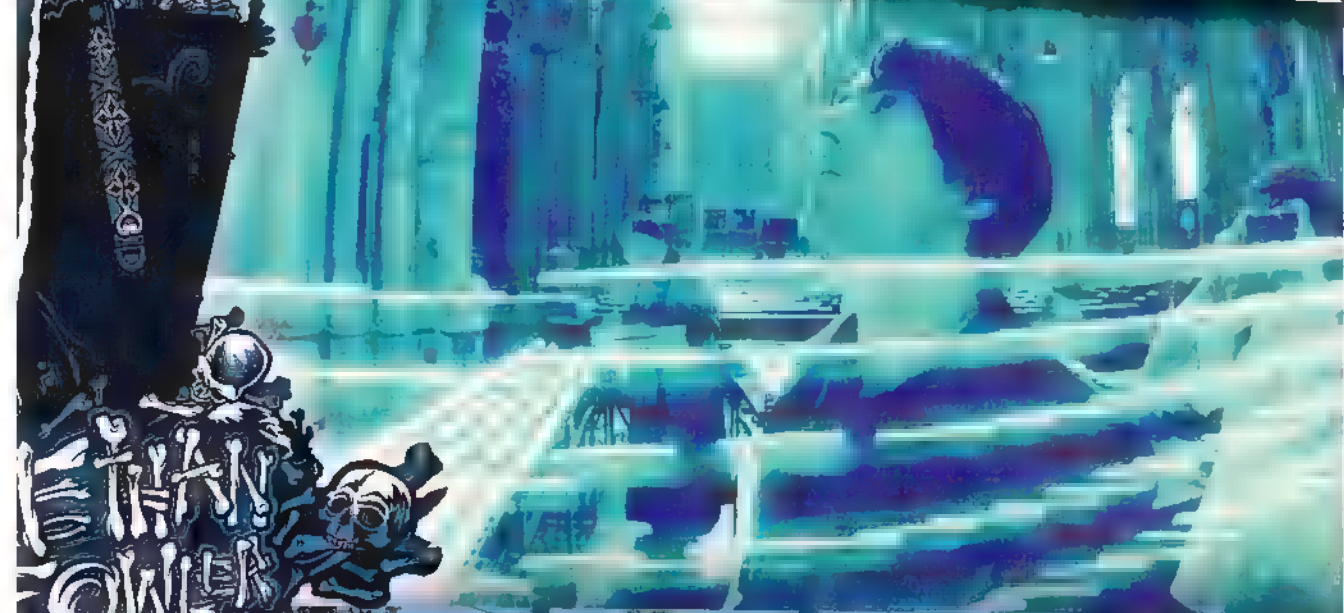
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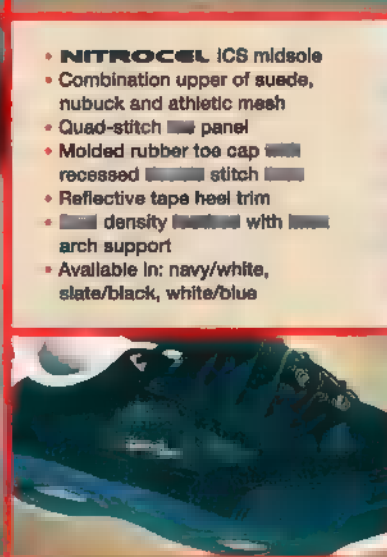
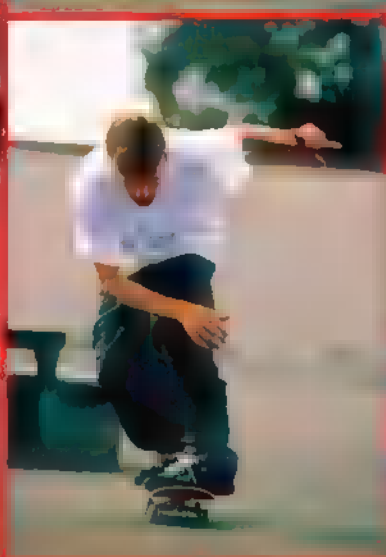
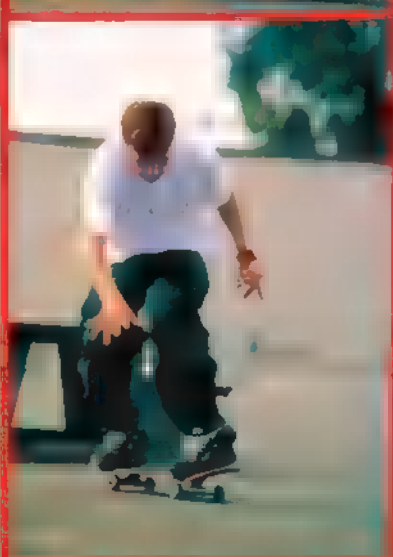
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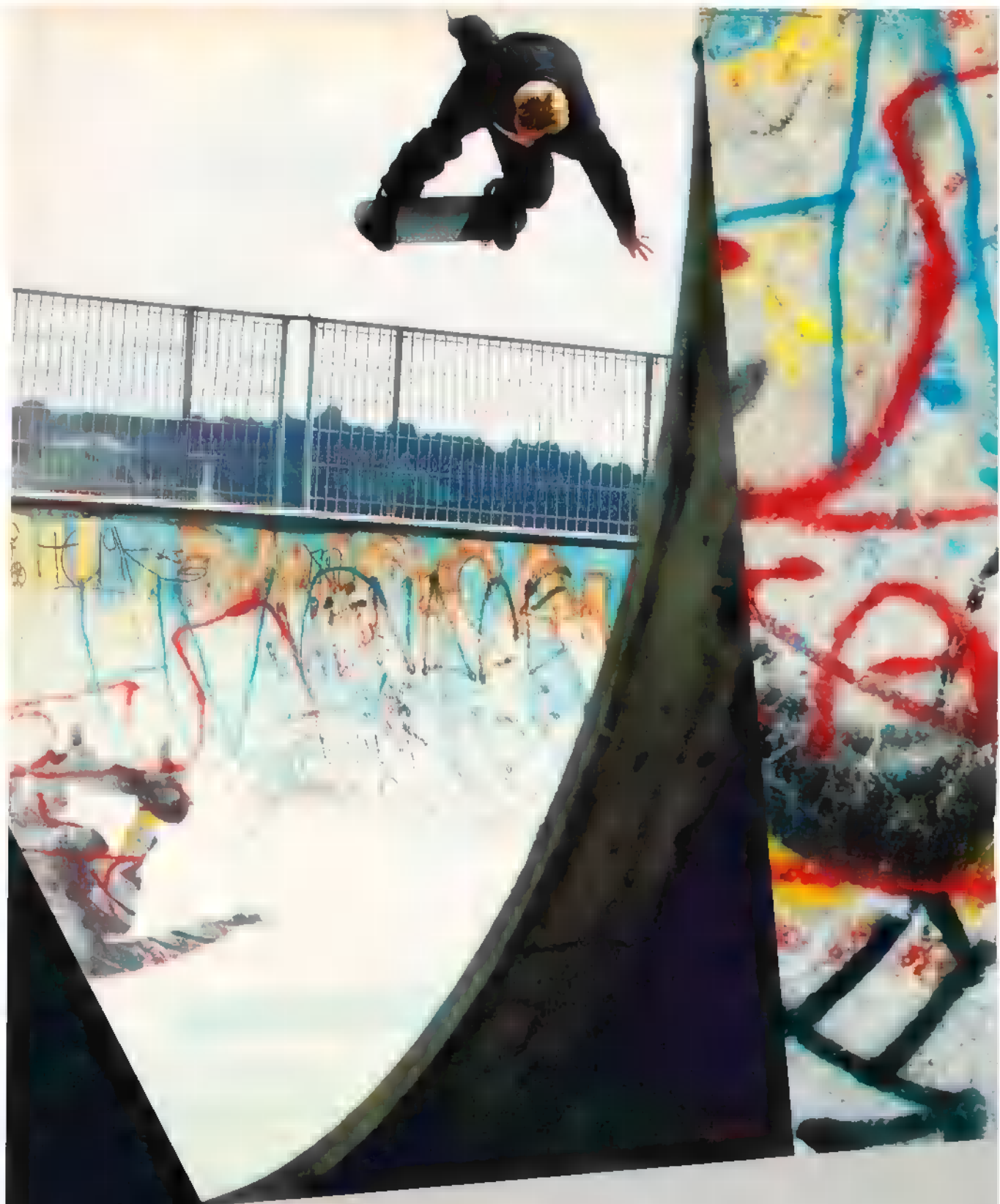
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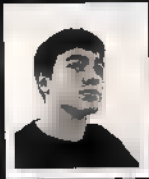


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A full-page photograph of skateboarder Tim O'Connor performing a trick on a handrail at night. He is wearing a light-colored jacket and dark pants, with his body angled over the rail. His skateboard is positioned vertically, showing a graphic with a circular logo. The background is dark, with some blurred lights and a railing visible below.

tim o'connor

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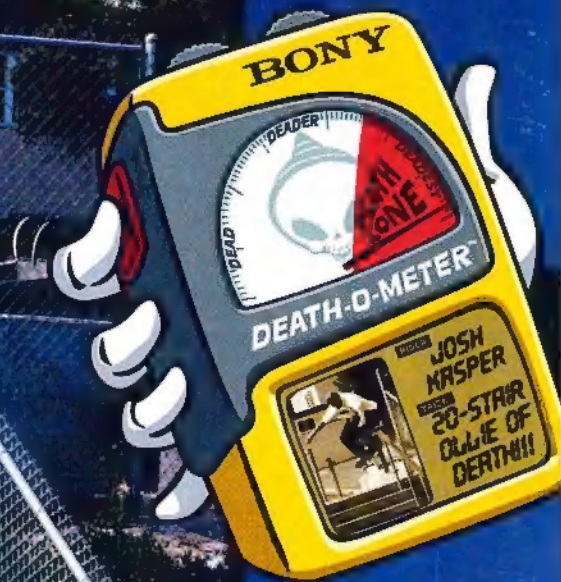
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